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Together

AND SUDDEN DEATH

By J. C. Furnas

HISTORIC METHODIST

CHURCHES: 8 pages in color

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

June 1959



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MADISON N.J.



He was born
on June 17
256 years ago.

MOST PORTRAITS of John Wesley (1703-1791) depict the Anglican clergyman who founded Methodism as a grim octogenarian. In pleasing contrast are these, showing him as a 13-year-old schoolboy and as an elderly but gracious parson. Both canvases hang in John Street Church, New York City. (See pages 37-44).





Come

to

Me, *all who labor
and are heavy-laden,
and I will give you rest.*

*Take my yoke upon you,
and learn from me;*

*for I am gentle and lowly
in heart, and you will find
rest for your souls.*

*For my yoke is easy,
and my burden is light.*

—Matthew 11:28-30 (RSV)

BRICK CHRIST with outstretched arms extends a universal welcome at the First Methodist Church in Albert Lea, Minn. Twenty-four feet tall, the strong, youthful figure is an organic part of the church's east wall, facing a busy highway, and a symbol of the church as the body of Christ. Changing lights and shadows in the hours of the day and night bring corresponding changes in the expression on the face. The figure was created by Arthur Stolp, a young St. Paul, Minnesota sculptor.



Is thy heart right, as my heart is
with thine? Dost thou love and
serve God? It is enough. I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

"WONDERFUL!" exclaimed the lady on our staff who reads many of the thousands of letters and manuscripts we receive. "Refreshing!" was the way another described it. Their adjectives were touched off by a TOGETHER fan named **Eric Lindgren**, all of seven years old, who sat down in Des Moines, Iowa, and wrote:

Oh I am the wind
I blow Kites through
the air I wiggle the
leaves and I make
the sailboats go
THE END

We read it, along with some other work, on the way home the other night, and then looked up with a start! Sure enough, just outside the train window, there was a kite in the air (it was being blown into the top of a tree). The leaves were wiggling, and—far out on the blue lake—there were sailboats going!

Well, young Eric is on his way. He had something to say and lost no time saying it. That goes, too, for the readers who write us every week. These wonderful letters—some complimentary, some critical, some just friendly how-do-you-dos—keep us aware that there's always someone out there thinking about TOGETHER.

And Sudden Death, this month's much-nominated *Reader's Choice*, remains as timely—and as hard hitting—as when it first appeared in *The Reader's Digest* 'way back in August, 1935. It is perhaps the most widely reprinted magazine article ever written. But there must be many thousands who haven't yet read this grim reminder of what can happen as the result of speed and thoughtlessness on our highways. **J. C. Furnas'** story could be a lifesaver—but brace yourself!

Now about this month's cover: Sometimes pictures do speak for themselves. Maybe our little bride has been left waiting at the church. But give the groom time. There'll be other Junes.—YOUR EDITORS

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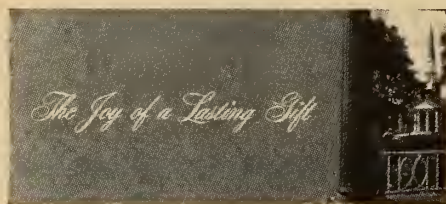


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Selected Bits from Your Letters

Boys' Feet Too Clean?

MRS. C. A. CLARK
Crown Point, Ind.

Your April cover brings back fond memories of when our children were young. But those dangling feet of the



boys in the tree house are just too clean to be natural!

We don't know for sure, Mrs. Clark, but we think it's a good guess that those feet were fresh out of the ol' swimmin' hole!—EDS.

Hearts Are Broken, But—

MRS. EARL P. OLMSTEAD
New Philadelphia, Ohio

I feel Dr. Barbour did not use a Christian approach in his answer concerning a mentally retarded child [Teens Together, April, 1959, page 45]. It is a heartbreak for parents of such a child, and when it is necessary to send the child away the grief is even greater.

There is no tactful way for neighbors to approach parents with suggestions. The parents must decide for themselves what is the right thing to do.

Tithing Could Be the Answer

JOHN J. WASHBURN, Pastor
Addison, Pa.

I would like to add an "amen" to the Rev. Robert W. Lind's treatment of the question, *Should Churches Sell Things?* [April, 1959, page 23]. He might have enlarged on the scriptural means of financing the Church, which The Methodist Church accepts at least theoretically: that the tithe be the minimum standard of giving. A church of only 100 members who tithe faithfully could carry on a well-rounded program for the advancement of God's kingdom.

Cash Gifts Are Better

SARA PORTER
Apollo, Pa.

I have spent many hours on all kinds of fund-raising projects [*Should*

Churches Sell Things?]. I have appreciated the fellowship, but I must agree with the Montana minister; we are letting gadgets obscure God.

The WSCS circles were originally set up for study and fellowship. In many churches they have been so busy selling gadgets or planning the next supper or sale that there is little time left for study and spiritual things. Many of us have been emphasizing cash gifts for the support of the WSCS.

Turkey + Ham = \$900

EDYTHE ELOISE THACKERY
Eastaboga, Ala.

Your *Powwow, Should Churches Sell Things?* is most interesting. We favor the "Yes" side, having attempted always to assist in increasing the facilities of a church through events to raise funds. It seems to us that there is lack of real fellowship in idle time. The next thing that happens is that people will not congregate because of such idle time.

In the *Powwow* is this statement: "This group, in a church of 940 members, raised approximately \$500 from a turkey dinner and bazaar last November." Our church, Bynum Methodist, has 136 members and we held a turkey and ham dinner March 20, and made over \$900!

The foregoing are three of many letters—and typical. We have a hunch the *Powwow* didn't settle a thing!—EDS.

Bermuda's Whitefield Pulpit

ERIC M. RULE, Pastor
Christ Church
Paget West, Bermuda

Bermuda, Land of Lilies [March, 1959, page 74] was read with interest but some regret because of its incomplete nature. The article says that when George Whitefield arrived, "churches were closed against him." This is correct, but it is not the whole truth.

In Christ Church (Church of Scotland), Warwick, there is a memorial which reads: *In memory of the Reverend George Whitefield's visit to these islands in 1748. During his brief stay he went everywhere preaching the Word, and the hand of the Lord was with him. Within these walls on eight consecutive Sabbaths he held forth the Word of Life. Many got a blessing and there was great joy. He that winneth souls is wise.*

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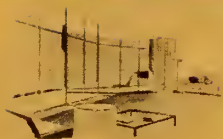
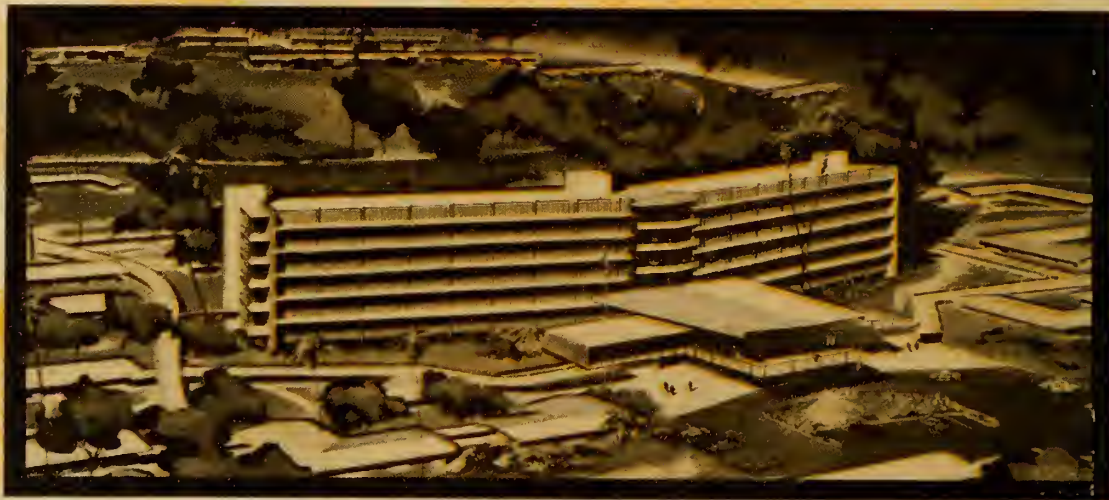
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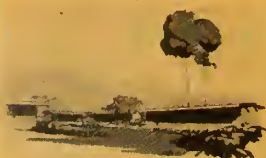
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Area Methodists Serve in Many Ways



Boys and girls of Methodist Children's Home, Philadelphia, gather for rehearsal of the program they will give at the annual June Festival, to be at the home on June 6.



Volunteer Dorothy Jones makes bed at Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia, under supervision of Mrs. George Swenson (left), director of volunteers, while others watch.



Burning mortgage at Mount Pocono: from left, Former Pastor E. C. Hersch, Trustee President B. F. Cramer, Bishop Corson, Pastor James Mort. The bishop's cabinet and Dr. J. Vincent Watchorn of the Board of Missions also took part in the ceremony.

To Raise Funds June 6 for Children's Home

Stating that "a station wagon will meet every 'E' bus at Belmont and City Avenues, Philadelphia, for possible visitors," Mrs. Charles Weckerly, chairman of publicity, recently announced the date of the June Festival at the Methodist Home for Children as Saturday, June 6.

The annual event, which raises money for the home, located at Monument Avenue east of Belmont, will include a bazaar from 10 a.m. until 7 p.m. Other events will be the meeting for contributing members at 11 a.m., luncheon from 12 to 1:30, a program by the children of the home at 2 p.m. with the presentation of awards, and a dinner from 4:30 to 6:30.

A snack bar, portrait sketching, an auction, and a fun area will round out a full day's program.

Over 30 Volunteers Train for Hospital Assignments

The volunteer-service program of Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia, recently got off the ground when over 30 volunteers made a tour of the hospital and received preliminary instruction for their assignments from Mrs. George Swenson, director of the volunteer program.

Assisting in the orientation of the group, each of whom has agreed to give, without pay, a minimum of four hours of service each week to the hospital, was Frank Walter, administrator; Dr. Frank Prentzel, executive director, and Dr. Frederick E. Maser, Supplement editor, and pastor of Old St. George's, the world's oldest Methodist church in continuous service.

Mrs. Swenson stated that she hoped to enlist a minimum of 200 volunteers recruited largely from Methodists in the Philadelphia and New Jersey Conferences.

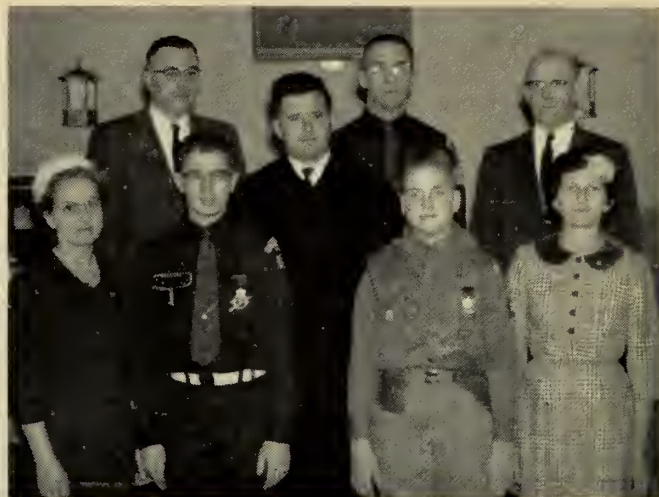
Honor F. H. Green

Set to coincide with the spring alumni meeting on May 17, a Francis Harvey Green Day was observed at Pennington (N. J.) School for Boys to honor the former headmaster who served from 1921 to 1943 and again as acting headmaster, 1945-46.

Speaker at the vesper service at 3 p.m. was Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, chaplain of the U. S. Senate. Present headmaster is Dr. Charles R. Smyth.



Bishop Corson talks with the Rev. Harold Flood (center) of Holy Cross Church, Reading, prior to preaching at community-wide services. Dr. L. T. Moore (right) led the singing at the sessions.



Explorer William Lott (left) and Scout Robert Heralla receive God and Country awards. With them: their parents; Rev. W. H. Davies, South Montrose; and Scout Executive Robert Tanner.

Following the service, a bronze plaque honoring Dr. Green's memory was unveiled, and the Francis Harvey Green Memorial Alcove in the library was dedicated.

medium can be especially helpful to youth groups who wish to make the problem a basis for their weekly discussion."

Dinner for Morris

Bishop Corson was the speaker at the dinner given for Dr. and Mrs. Albert Morris by Mary A. Simpson Church, Philadelphia, when Dr. Morris retired after 24 years of service to that church.

The bishop noted that Dr. Morris had also served with distinction as the president of the Board of Ministerial Training, of which he had been a member for 33 years.

"It is safe to say," stated Bishop Corson, "that 500 or more young men came under the influence and leadership of Dr. Morris."

Dr. J. Vincent Watchorn, registrar of the board, spoke on behalf of Dr. Morris' colleagues while members of the church presented gifts, including flowers, a plaque summarizing Dr. Morris' service to the church and a check for \$2,500 in appreciation of his aggressive and spiritual leadership.



Harold R. Tawresy, lay leader, greets Dr. and Mrs. Albert Morris as they retire after 24 years of service to Mary A. Simpson Methodist Church, Philadelphia.

To Talk at Historic School

On Sunday, June 7, Bishop Corson will be the commencement speaker at Hartwick College, oldest Lutheran school in America and third oldest institution of higher learning in New York state. Founded in New York City in 1797, it is now located at Oneonta, N. Y., and has a student enrollment of 600.

Five ministers of the Oneonta District, Wyoming Conference, are attending the college: Paul Gere, William Schneider, Roy Giles, James Bartz, and Russell Smith. A member of the faculty, Dr. Claude Hardy, serves the Emmons Charge in the Oneonta District.

Personals . . .

- Prof. Charles Lucas March, beloved by faculty and students alike, recently died after having served for more than 30 years as teacher of English and literature at Wyoming Seminary. Called a deeply religious man with a keen sense of humor, he was a member of the Kingston Methodist Church and a former supply pastor of Derr Memorial Church in Wilkes-Barre.

- Dr. Ralph Decker, president of Wyoming Seminary since 1950, recently announced his resignation to become director of the Department of Secondary and Higher Education, Division of Educational Institutions of the Methodist Board of Education, Nashville, Tenn.

Districts Report Gains

Dr. William Guffick, superintendent, New Brunswick (N. J.) District, presided over the midyear conference at Oakhurst Church, where all four districts reported substantial gains.

Dr. B. Harrison Decker, reporting on the Puerto Rico Advance, stated that as of April 1, \$87,543 had been subscribed by the entire area. The Rev. John B. Kirby, conference treasurer, reported a gain in giving of \$14,000 over last year. A total of 1,398 new members have joined the church during the last six months.

Others who spoke included Dr. Nelson Hoffman, on church extension; the Rev. Richard Thomas, on the Wesley Foundation; and Dr. Arthur Whitney, vice-president of Drew, on the need for expanded facilities for higher education.

Dr. Charles Smyth presented the work of Pennington School for Boys.

'Talk Back' in Philadelphia

"Talk Back" is coming to Philadelphia," recently stated the Rev. Russell Hoeltzel, chairman of the Philadelphia Council of Churches' committee on publicity, which is helping sponsor the new television effort of The Methodist Church.

Scheduled to appear on WFIL television, Channel 6, the half-hour program is divided into two parts, the first being a presentation of a daily problem presented in the form of an exciting drama. During the last 15 minutes, a live panel discusses the problem presented and attempts to suggest the Christian solution.

"While the program will have entertainment and educational value for every viewer," stated Mr. Hoeltzel, "the new

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• Stating "I want to rest, but I also want to serve education in the Wyoming Valley whenever the opportunity presents itself," Dr. James A. Adams, dean of Wyoming Seminary since 1936 and a member of the faculty for 39 years, retired recently for reasons of health. He has been head of the Mathematics Department since 1920.

• The Rev. George Summerson (retired 1958) was recently appointed chaplain of Methodist students at Oneonta State Teachers College and at Hartwick College.

• Dr. George A. Hahn, chief of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology of Methodist Hospital, was honored by receiving the American Cancer Society's Gold Medal Award for distinguished service in cancer control.

• Twin grandsons of the Rev. and Mrs. Earl Thomas of St. Paul's and Harmony, Philadelphia Conference, were recently made Eagle Scouts by the court of honor in Cape May, N. J., an unusual distinction never before coming to two brothers in the same court of honor.

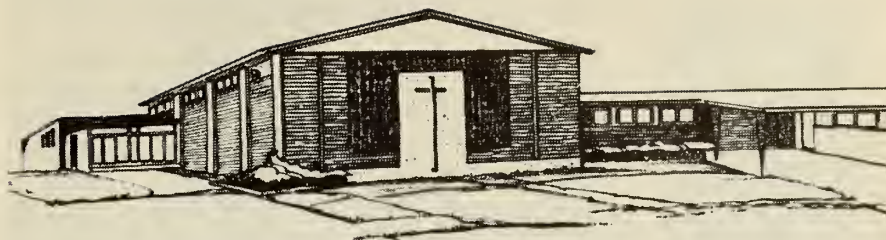
• The Rev. Charles Marker is spending six weeks in Europe, where he will receive a bachelor's degree from the University of London.

• The Rev. Clifford Bearmore, pastor of Squankum Church and former YMCA secretary, died recently. The Rev. James Lord, a retired member of the New York East Conference who had spent most of his ministry in the New Jersey Conference, passed away at his home in Spring Lake.

• A surprise testimonial dinner and a "This Is Your Life" program was held in First, Vineland, in honor of the 25th wedding anniversary of the Rev. and Mrs. Lawrence G. Atkinson. Gifts included a large-screen television set.

• Joy Ann is the new arrival at the Port Norris parsonage home of David and Elfriede Naglee.

• Earl R. Thomas completed 31 years in the ministry by receiving 24 new members into St. Paul's Church and Harmony Church, where he is pastor. He has received 40 new members this conference year.



This is the architect's sketch for the new Chiques Church, in Philadelphia Conference.



Laying cornerstone, First Church, Red Bank, N. J.: District Superintendent W. R. Guffick, Lay Leader A. A. Whiting, Pastor Roger Squire, Trustee Chairman F. B. Heiser, Building Chairman John B. Bell, and Associate Pastor Iverson Graham.

Unique Chancel at Church

Stating that the new Chiques Church, Philadelphia Conference, will feature an unusual chancel arrangement, the Rev. Menno E. Good, pastor, said, "Our worship arrangement emphasizes the availability of the word of God through the Bible, preaching, and the sacraments."

The chancel will include a center pulpit, to the left of which will be a large Communion table around which the congregation will kneel to receive the Sacrament. The baptismal font will be to the right of the pulpit with the choir behind it.

Ground was recently broken for the new church, being built on an eight-acre tract near Mount Joy. The new church was formed by a merger of Salunga and Mount Joy churches. William H. Fackler is chairman of the building committee.



PHILADELPHIA

Historic Grove Church, founded by Bishop Asbury and his associates in 1773, recently broke ground for a new educational unit to cost in excess of \$105,000

plus furnishings. Also celebrating its 186th anniversary, the church, led by its pastor, the Rev. Howard Huddleson, dedicated new gowns for the junior choir, and honored 52 persons who had been members over 25 years.

Ridley Park Church, where the Rev. Richard Jones is pastor, recently voted to spend over \$200,000 to tear down the former sanctuary now being used for the church school in order to build a modern educational unit. Assisting in raising funds for the new three-story unit will be a counselor of the Division of *Historical Society treasurer*, receives organ was dedicated at a cost of over \$16,000 in the sanctuary built only four years ago.

Charles F. Montgomery recently led his church, Linwood Heights, in an evangelistic effort resulting in 59 new members, 50 on confession of faith. A new Susanna Wesley window depicting the rectory at Epworth with Susanna reading the Bible to her family was dedicated in honor of the mothers of the church. The church also established a \$1,000 Linwood Heights Methodist Carrie M. Camillo Scholarship to aid deserving seniors from the local high school in attending college.

WYOMING

A consecration service was recently conducted by Bishop Corson for the new colonial church at Kingston which re-



Howard Magg of Frankford Church, Historical Society treasurer, receives award for 50 years' service to insurance firm from firm president, Malcolm Adam.



Superior Ministers

Needing preachers desperately to meet the growing demand, Asbury felt impelled to admonish his conferences that just anybody wouldn't do in order to have the appointments filled. Since Bishop Asbury's time and because of his wise administration, The Methodist Church has held that a shortage of preachers is better than an oversupply of questionable and inferior ones.

When they were needed most, Asbury issued the admonition, "O, how careful one ought to be concerning the men we take into the ministry, and spy out their

motives and manners."

In a letter to James Quinn, Bishop Asbury outlined what he believed to be the needed characteristics of a Methodist minister. As to the man, he must have "diligence, prudence, courage, perseverance." As to his work, he must "care for every circuit, every society, every preacher, every family, and every soul in the charge." He must be "the eyes, ears, mouth, and wisdom from us [the bishops] to the people and the people to us." He is to be "in our [bishops'] stead, to supply our absence." He observes that it is "order and system under God which has kept us from schism and heresy and division."

"Plan all the year," our first bishop said. "Collect all the information you can for the superintendents . . . Know men and things well . . . See sanctification, feel it, preach it, live it."

The need for leadership in understanding and operating the Methodist system was as apparent then as it is now. Asbury urged his preachers to become proficient in the principles and procedures of church government for said he, "Thousands of our people know not their right hand from their left hand in government . . . If there is treachery or disorder in the body, what damage will ensue to spiritual life?"

Bishop Asbury makes the analogy of the preacher as the soul of the body of the Church and urges his preachers to seek to be "as one soul—one great soul of the body."

Any board of ministerial training would do well to use this conception of a Methodist preacher's work as a measurement for admission to full membership in an annual conference.

Living up to it in one's ministry gives a preacher a real experience of the power and satisfaction of our connectionalism.

FRED PIERCE CORSON

which replaces one destroyed by fire in 1957.

Vestal Church, where the Rev. Lyle Reed is pastor, recently received 71 new members.

A new educational unit was recently completed at New Milford, Pa., where the Rev. Robert Stall is pastor.

NEW JERSEY

Haleyville Church, Fred W. Slater, pastor, celebrated its 95th anniversary with guest speaker, the Rev. Lawrence G. Atkinson of Vineland.

A new educational unit, Grace Hall, was consecrated at Goshen Church by Dr. Charles Smyth, former district superintendent and currently headmaster at Pennington School for Boys. The new building, cost over \$27,000.

Construction of a new educational building is under way at North Wildwood. The unit, which will provide six additional classrooms, will be of faced block to match the present two-story sanctuary-church school building and will cost about \$5,000.

The West Belmar Church MYF recently received a trophy for winning the Shore Area Basketball League, of which the Rev. Howard Lord is president.

and \$27,600 for the new church budget.

The congregation has moved into new facilities, including a new parsonage, a temporary sanctuary seating 300, and a two-story educational building. The project to date has cost the congregation of 400 over \$150,000.

The campaign committee decided to liquidate the present indebtedness on the church during the next three years in order to clear the way for building a new and permanent sanctuary.

A Yonkers, N. Y., firm has been engaged to conduct the Survey and Census.

Dr. Stanger Elected to Seminary Position

Dr. Frank Bateman Stanger, pastor of First Church, Collingswood, N. J., since 1951, was recently elected executive vice-president of Asbury Theological Seminary, Wilmore, Ky., by the board of trustees. Subject to appointment by the resident bishop, Dr. Sanger expects to assume his duties September 1.

Dr. Stanger will have supervision and general administration in the areas of admissions, instruction, and discipline. Currently he serves as president of the New Jersey Historical Society, president of the Northeastern Jurisdiction Association of Methodist Historical Societies, and member of the American Association of Methodist Historical Societies.

He was appointed a delegate to both the seventh and eighth Ecumenical Methodist Conferences and to the Ninth World Methodist Conference at Lake Junaluska, N. C., in 1956. In 1956 he was also elected to the General Conference of The Methodist Church. He holds degrees from Asbury College, Princeton Theological Seminary, Temple University, and Philaetha College.



Dr. Stanger

Berwyn Church Plans New Financial Program

Following a recent Sunday morning service, the campaign committee of Berwyn Church met beneath the huge cross of the chancel to study plans for a Christian Stewardship Survey and Census designed to raise \$100,000 in capital funds



Berwyn committee: Mrs. O. H. Tavenner, Stafford Walker, Mrs. L. S. Roney, Charles Smith, Charles Antle, the Rev. S. D. Myers, Jr., Donald Hough, Allan Wright, Dr. E. M. Kipp, Gene Owens, Harold Ballew, Harold Lanphear, and Theodore Lamborn, Jr.

the pulpit from which he preached, the "Whitefield Pulpit." During the brief period when flowers are scarce in Bermuda, should enough be available on any Sunday for only one bouquet, that is always placed on the Whitefield Pulpit. So, despite a lapse of over two centuries, the memory of George Whitefield is kept alive and warm—in a Presbyterian church!

Priest Quotes Wesley . . .

FATHER JOHN G. O'ROURKE
Wichita Falls, Tex.

The lovely, kind act of a Methodist friend at Greenville, Tex., in subscribing to your fine magazine for me, recalls these words of your great John Wesley which I read recently in a Catholic paper:

"Let us resolve, God being our helper, to speak nothing harsh or unkind of each other. The sure way to avoid this is to say all the good we can both of and to one another."

I would like to live to see the day when no church paper in our country publishes anything attacking other religions.

Unchristian Squabbling . . . Tsk!

J. NELSON GIBSON, JR.
Conference Lay Leader
Gibson, N.C.

At some risk of being misunderstood, may I say that I like TOGETHER's lack of goody-goodness. So much of religion is too dry to arouse us lay people and makes too little effort to relate God's wishes to the life we live in this day. Christianity is not doleful, pessimistic, prohibitive, dry. It is freedom, happiness, loving, responsibility, a glorious adventure. TOGETHER makes it that. My daughters, 16, 11, and 8, share my enthusiasm. There is some unchristian squabbling as to who shall have TOGETHER first when it comes.

When a Reminder Helps!

MRS. DORIS MUMPER
Dillsburg, Pa.

I especially liked *Medicine and Faith* [March, 1959, page 43]. There is one place where this need is most important—the delivery room. There are not many experiences that take a woman so close to death; it's a time when, for many, pain threatens to wipe out all thought of God just when we need him most. A gentle reminder from doctor, nurse, or minister that God is near would be a great help.

Dr. Kawano Now in America

MRS. EARL BROOKS
Thayer, Kans.

I wonder if readers would like to hear more about Dr. Martin Kawano, the Japanese Christian who wrote *Why*

Did I Survive the Atom Bomb? [August, 1957, page 10].

Since January, 1958, he has been in this country on a research scholarship studying neurosurgery at Portland, Oreg. He left his home in Nagasaki, his Christian wife, and small son to come learn more so that he might go back and teach his people. When at home he taught surgery on weekdays, preached Sundays, wrote, published, and distributed a monthly Christian magazine, and in June 1957, this dedicated man published a Christian book, *Fire From Heaven*.

Spokane Has Story for Japan!

RALPH T. PALMER
Indianapolis, Ind.

I would like to compliment you on your picturesque article, *A Bit of Old Japan in Spokane* [April, 1959, page 74].

In Japan, where I served as a missionary, one of the issues we faced in church construction and planning was the fact that the Japanese people did not seem to have sufficient vision to do dramatic things with what they had. The story of the Grant Street Methodist Church in Spokane should be told to every church in Japan!

Highways on Moon Soon?

WILLIAM H. CRITSER
Huron, S.Dak.

Robert A. Harms' comments [*Letters*, April, 1959, page 4] show how differently we think. I was delighted with Mr. Kiplinger's article and commend TOGETHER for its publication. The future took on a new sparkle and increased my desire to live on and on.

Recently, a top scientist in our Army's ballistic-missile program told highway contractors they could look forward to bidding for road work on the moon within the next 20 years. Don't tell me I shouldn't read these things in my church literature!

Orchids to Spencer, Kennedy

MRS. IRID G. ANDERSON
Petersburg, Ind.

It is difficult to imagine anyone's protesting the valuable warnings contained in *Looks at Movies and Browsing in Fiction*, as has M. Elizabeth Shinn [*Letters*, April, 1959, page 6].

Twenty-five years ago my mother handed me a confession magazine—the kind we did not have in our home, but which had aroused my curiosity.

"Read this," Mama said, "and remember, when you have read one, you have read them all. Your reading time all your life will be limited and precious. You won't want to waste it."

I read only a part of it. It wasn't bad—or good; it was pathetic, disgusting, and a waste of time. I have never since



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been interested in inferior literature.

I want to thank Bishop Kennedy for doing us the great service of culling the undesirable from the worth-while fiction. And Dr. Spencer’s *Looks at Movies* saves us time and money. We avoid movies which are unfavorably rated. And it is a perfect guide on movies for our children.

Pre-Teens, Slow Down!

BERNARD K. MCKENZIE, Supt.
Rushville City Schools
Rushville, Ind.

I commend Sally Burke Winchester for her insight into what I consider to be a very real, current, and, to many, a disturbing acceleration of our young children [see *Let’s Not Rush the Youngsters*, April, 1959, page 29]. Mrs. Winchester has stated factual evidence that concerns parents and school people.

All of us have a part in a stand that must be taken! Let’s encourage our pre-teens to enjoy those activities that have long been enjoyed by their age.

No Time Wasted—With Braille

MARGARET F. MURRELL
Santa Clara, Calif.

I Give My Eyes to the Blind [March, 1959, page 60] was especially interesting to me. There are a number of groups of volunteer transcribers out here and I belong to one. We transcribe textbooks for blind high-school students who attend school with their sighted friends. There is the comforting knowledge that here is a real service rendered—no club to belong to or work through, no officials or committees to talk over what to do, no time wasted in discussion.

Looks at Movies Helpful

PAUL N. ELBIN, President
West Liberty State College
West Liberty, W.Va.

The reader who objects to *Looks at Movies* [see *Letters*, April, 1959, page 6] may be interested to learn that the list is used regularly as a guide for movies to be shown at West Liberty State College where, in the absence of a commercial movie theater, the college sponsors films for student recreation.

The “Adult (-)” pictures are not booked, thanks to *TOGETHER*’s sane, helpful guide.

Dr. Schweitzer’s Fame Grows

SUSAN PETERSON
Chicago Heights, Ill.

I am a high-school freshman and am writing a theme on the life and work of Albert Schweitzer. I remember reading an article on him in *TOGETHER* [My Visit With Albert Schweitzer, July, 1957, page 34]. Please send me a copy.

Susan’s letter is a reminder that interest in the great doctor of the

jungle seems to be growing. *TOGETHER* devoted eight pages to Dr. Schweitzer’s work as seen by a Methodist pastor-visitor. A recent book which may be helpful to those interested is *Three Worlds of Albert Schweitzer*, by Robert Payne (Thomas Nelson, \$3.50).—EDS.

Santee Went Together—First!

DOROTHY D. MCSWAIN
Santee, Calif.

You carried a letter from a club using “Together” as its name, apparently the first called to your attention [Letters, February, 1959, page 6]. Our group adopted the name “Together Fellowship” in October, 1956. I might add that we were young, too, when the club first organized as the Mr. and Mrs. Club back in World War II. We are, however, still together!

Honors indubitably go to you *Together-ers* at Santee who renamed your club the month the first issue of *TOGETHER* appeared. We’re always delighted when others make fruitful use of our name.—EDS.

Bro. Van: ‘Spare the Chicken’

MRS. RUTH M. CLARK
La Grange, Ill.

Only now have I read the article on Brother Van [Saint in Stirrups, July, 1958, page 18]. It brought back happy memories of a wonderful man I was privileged to know. I spent two years in Montana as a bride.

One day when he came to dinner, I wanted it to be very special. I laid out one of my prettiest guest towels for his use. He came to me with a



Bro. Van: He preferred roast beef.

grieved expression, holding the towel gingerly, and said, “Haven’t you got an old, plain towel, just any old thing? These fancy doodads make me nervous.” And when he thanked us for our hospitality, he said, “Only next time I come, please spare the chicken. Everywhere I go, they kill a chicken, when what my soul really craves is some good old roast beef!”

Together / NEWSLETTER

HEADS METHODIST BISHOPS. Bishop Marvin A. Franklin of Jackson, Miss., is the new Council of Bishops president, succeeding Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam of Washington, D.C. President-designate is Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy of Los Angeles, who will succeed to the presidency next year in time to open the 1960 General Conference in Denver, April 27. Bishop Roy H. Short of Nashville was re-elected secretary at the Council's recent session. [For additional developments see page 68.]

RED'S 'BURNING FAITH.' Vice-President Nixon told 1,000 government leaders at the annual Presidential Prayer Breakfast in Washington he was most impressed—and disturbed—by the "faith, a burning faith, that his cause was right," shown by Anastas Mikoyan, Russia's No. 2 man. Nixon added, "We need faith, a faith stronger than Mr. Mikoyan's, a faith not only in the rightness of our cause, but faith in God. . . ."

WALL STREET, CHURCH AID. Stock and bond dividends are providing a tidy sum for church work, particularly for missions and ministers' pensions, a new report shows. One group of 25 churches, through their combined investments, last year paid \$39.5 million to nearly 50,000 pensioners.

INDIA: KEY NATION. Two Methodist bishops, after trips to the Far East, see India as the key to Asia's future. Bishop Edwin E. Voigt of Aberdeen, S.Dak., says if India can remain a republic, the rest of Southeast Asia will stand firm. And Bishop F. Gerald Ensley of Des Moines, Iowa, believes technical aid for India and other Asian countries is of "crucial importance."

IRAQ OUSTS MISSIONARIES. The National Council of Churches reports 14 U.S. missionaries—none Methodist—have been forced to leave Iraq.

TIBETAN RELIEF FUND. Church World Service is making a nation-wide appeal for funds to buy food, clothing, and medicine for refugees from revolt-torn Tibet. CWS rushed \$10,000 to frontier outposts in north India soon after the uprising began.

BIBLE IN 1,136 LANGUAGES. As of the end of 1958 it was possible to read some part of the Bible in 1,136 languages. The American Bible Society has published the whole Bible in 215 languages, a complete Testament in 273, and at least a Gospel or some other whole book in 648.

(More church news on page 68)

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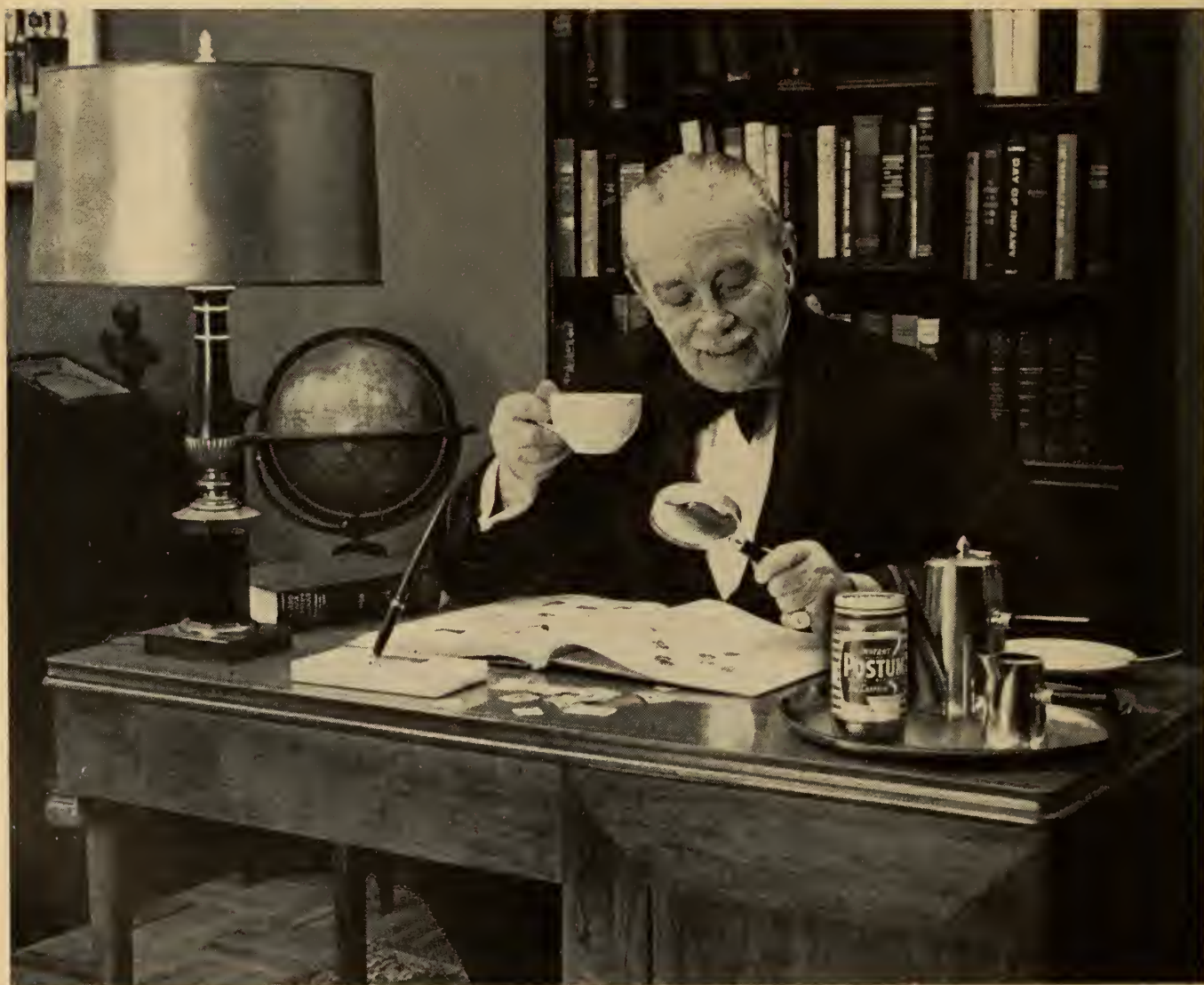
“I started drinking Postum and haven’t had a jumpy nerve (or stomach) since. Why don’t you see your doctor? Chances are he’ll recommend Postum, too. You’ll like it.”



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Proof of Faith



Dr. Peckham heads the Biophysics Department at the Eye Research Foundation, Bethesda, Md.

By **ROBERT H. PECKHAM**

IN OUR HABIT of looking for proof, many scientists have extended skepticism into theology. As scientists, we are the first to criticize any person not proficient in the particular field of investigation in question. Yet we have permitted a challenge to the truthfulness of faith, perhaps not as atheists but as agnostics.

Occasionally the Christian Church rises to the bait and attempts to find experimental evidence of the tenets of the faith it professes. Thus we have an error on both sides—the scientist, in that he has lost the beauty of faith in his skeptical approach to physical fact, and the church, in that it has weakened its power by admitting debate.

Let me, as a scientist, make the first apology, for our own souls are at stake.

The strength of the scientific method lies in its ability to predict facts, not its ability to find them. The discovery of the planet Pluto was not a fortunate accident. Its existence was predicted by scientific hypothesis; its discovery merely awaited a telescope sensitive enough and powerful enough for the planet to be seen. But it was there all the time. The partial conquering of the viruses of poliomyelitis followed the same course. The fact of the antibodies was known; Dr. Salk's work was to isolate them.

The strength of faith is not subject to the rules of scientific logic, in the sense of hypothesized theory and confirming search—unless one is careful to define the nature of the prob-

lem and to remain within the field of postulated argument.

Thus, we can prove the existence of faith by the scientific method. Perhaps, in insulting reference to the omnipotence of the method, we can discover faith. But we cannot invent faith, a planet, a virus, or an antibody. We invent telephones, not prayer, although we can pray over a telephone. We invent guns, not murder; marriage, not love; harps and heaven, not everlasting life; religion, but not God.

To prove faith, I hypothesize that because I wish to love God and to know him, his Son, and the Holy Spirit, others must also wish the same thing. Therefore, when I can find one other person who has such a wish, and then a third and a fourth, I have proved faith exists. But not what faith is.

To know what faith is, I pray to God, an easy thing to do, and I ask God, in the name of his Son, to grant me the Spirit that I may be comforted. And at once, I find my prayer answered. At once, I know the Spirit. I converse with Christ and I sit at the right hand of God. To me, the promptness of this response is a miracle as great as any other.

Thus I find myself believing a miracle, for by the acceptance of faith, rather than the challenging of it, the miracle has happened. We do not "prove" miracles. We look at them in happy wonder, with the eyes of a child, as Christ taught us to do.

—And Sudden Death

By J. C. FURNAS

PUBLICIZING the total of motoring injuries—over 1.3 million disabled in 1958 with 37,000 deaths—never gets to first base in jarring the motorist into a realization of the appalling risks of motoring. He does not translate dry statistics into a reality of blood and agony.

Figures exclude the pain and horror of savage mutilation—which means they leave out the point. They need to be brought closer home. A passing look at a bad smash or the news that a fellow you had lunch with last week is in a hospital with a broken back will make any driver but a born fool slow down at least temporarily. But what is needed is a vivid and sustained realization that every time you step on the throttle death gets in beside you, hopefully waiting for his chance.

That single horrible accident you may have witnessed is no isolated horror. That sort of thing happens every hour of the day, everywhere in the U.S. If you really felt that, perhaps the stickful of type in Monday's paper recording that a total of 29 local citizens were killed in week-end crashes would rate something more than a perfunctory tut-tut as you turn back to the sports page.

An enterprising judge now and again sentences reckless drivers to tour the accident end of a city morgue. But even a mangled body on a slab, waxily portraying the consequences of bad motoring judgment, isn't a patch on the scene of the accident itself. *No artist working on a safety poster would dare depict that in full detail.*

That picture would have to include motion-picture and sound effects, too—the flopping, pointless efforts of the injured to stand up; the queer, grunting noises; the steady, panting groaning of a human being with pain creeping up on him as the shock wears off. It should portray the slack expression on the face of a

man, drugged with shock, staring at the Z twist in his broken leg, the insane, crumpled effect of a child's body after its bones are crushed inward, a realistic portrait of a hysterical woman with her screaming mouth opening a hole in the bloody drip that fills her eyes and runs off her chin. Minor details would include the raw ends of bones protruding through flesh in compound fractures and the dark red, oozing surfaces where clothes and skin were flayed off at once.

THOSE are all standard, everyday sequels to the modern passion of going places in a hurry and taking a chance or two by the way. If ghosts could be put to a useful purpose, every bad stretch of road in the U.S. would greet the oncoming motorist with groans and screams and the educational spectacle of 10 or 12 corpses, all sizes, sexes, and ages, lying horribly still.

Last year a state trooper of my acquaintance stopped a big red Hispano for speeding. Papa was obviously a responsible person, obviously set for a pleasant week end with his family—so the officer cut into Papa's well-bred expostulations: "I'll let you off this time, but if you keep on this way you won't last long. Get going—but take it easier." Later a passing motorist hailed the trooper and asked if the red Hispano had got a ticket. "No," said the trooper. "I hated to spoil their party." "Too bad you didn't," said the motorist. "I saw you stop them—and then I passed that car again 50 miles up the line. It still makes me feel sick at my stomach. The car was folded up like an accordion—the color was about all there was left. They were all dead."

Maybe it will make you sick at your stomach, too. But unless you're a heavy-footed incurable, a good look at the picture the artist wouldn't dare paint, a firsthand acquaintance with the results

of mixing gasoline with speed and bad judgment, ought to be well worth your while. I can't help it if the facts are revolting. If you have the nerve to drive fast and take chances, you ought to have the nerve to take the appropriate cure. You can't ride an ambulance or watch the doctor working on the victim in the hospital, but you can read.

The automobile is treacherous, just as a cat is. It is tragically difficult to realize that it can become the deadliest missile. As enthusiasts tell you, it makes 65 feel like nothing at all. But 65 an hour is 100 feet a second, a speed which puts a viciously unjustified responsibility on brakes and human reflexes, and can instantly turn this docile luxury into a mad bull elephant.

Collision, turnover, or sideswipe, each type of accident produces either a shattering dead stop or a crashing change of direction. Since the occupant—meaning you—continues in the old direction at the original speed, every surface and angle of the car's interior immediately becomes a battering, tearing projectile, aimed squarely at you—inescapable. There is no bracing yourself against these imperative laws of momentum.

It's like going over Niagara Falls in a steel barrel full of railroad spikes. The best thing that can happen to you—and one of the rarer things—is to be thrown out as the doors spring open, so you have only the ground to reckon with. True, you strike with as much force as if you had been thrown from the 20th Century at top speed. But at least you are spared the lethal array of gleaming metal knobs and edges and glass inside the car.

Anything can happen in that split second of crash, even those lucky escapes you hear about. People have dived through windshields and

come out with only superficial scratches. Drivers have run cars together head on, reducing both to twisted junk, and been found unhurt and arguing bitterly two minutes afterward. But death was there just the same—he was only exercising his privilege of being erratic. One spring a wrecking crew pried the door off a car which had been overturned down an embankment and out stepped the driver with only a scratch on his cheek. But his mother was still inside, a splinter of wood from the top driven four inches into her brain as a result of her son's taking a greasy curve a little too fast. No blood—no horribly twisted bones—just a gray-haired corpse still clutching her pocketbook in her lap.

ON the same curve a month later, a light touring car crashed a tree. In the middle of the front seat they found a nine-month-old baby surrounded by broken glass and yet absolutely unhurt. A fine practical joke on death—but spoiled by the baby's parents, still sitting on each side of him, instantly killed by shattering their skulls on the dashboard.

If you customarily pass without clear vision a long way ahead, make sure that every member of the party carries identification papers—it's difficult to identify a body with its whole face bashed in or torn off. The driver is death's favorite target. If the steering wheel holds together it ruptures his liver or spleen so he bleeds to death internally. Or, if the steering wheel breaks off, the matter is settled instantly by the steering column's plunging through his abdomen.

By no means do all head-on collisions occur on curves. The modern death trap is likely to be a straight stretch with three lanes of traffic—like the notorious Astor Flats on the Albany Post Road, where there have been as many as 27 fatalities in one summer month.

This sudden vision of broad, straight road tempts many an ordinarily sensible driver into passing the man ahead. Simultaneously a driver coming the other way swings out at high speed. At the last moment each tries to get into line again, but the gaps are closed. As the cars in line are forced into the ditch to capsize or crash fences, the passers meet, almost head on, in a

READER'S CHOICE

Highway accidents are even deadlier, and safety far more important, today than in 1935 when this powerful article was published by *The Reader's Digest*. With figures updated to bring home to drivers and pedestrians their responsibility in preventing accidents, it is reprinted with permission of the publisher. W. L. Ruden, Oshkosh, Nebr., first to suggest it as a *Reader's Choice*, received \$25.—Eds.

grinding smash that sends them caroming obliquely into the others.

A trooper described such an accident—five cars in one mess, seven killed on the spot, two dead on the way to the hospital, two more dead in the long run. He remembered it far more vividly than he wanted to—the quick way the doctor turned away from the dead man to check up on a woman with a broken back; the three bodies out of one car so soaked with oil from the crankcase that they looked like wet brown cigars and not human at all; a man, walking around and babbling to himself, oblivious of the dead and dying, even oblivious of the daggerlike sliver of steel that stuck out of his streaming wrist; a pretty girl with her forehead laid open, trying hopelessly to crawl out of a ditch in spite of her smashed hip. A first-class massacre of that sort is only a question of scale and numbers—seven corpses are no deader than one. Each shattered man, woman, or child who went to make up the 37,000 corpses chalked up last year had to die a personal death.

A CAR careening and rolling down a bank, battering and smashing its occupants every inch of the way, can wrap itself so thoroughly around a tree that front and rear bumpers interlock, requiring an acetylene torch to cut them apart. In a recent case of that sort they found the old lady, who had been sitting in back, lying across the lap of her daughter, who was in front, each soaked in her own and the other's blood indistinguishably, each so shattered and broken that there was no point whatever in an autopsy to determine whether it was broken neck or ruptured heart that caused death.

Overturning cars specialize in certain injuries. Cracked pelvis, for instance, guaranteeing agonizing months in bed, motionless, perhaps crippled for life—broken spine resulting from sheer sidewise twist—the minor details of smashed knees and splintered shoulder blades caused by crashing into the side of the car as she goes over with the swirl of an insane roller coaster—and the lethal consequences of broken ribs, which puncture hearts and lungs

with their raw ends. The consequent internal hemorrhage is no less dangerous because it is the pleural instead of the abdominal cavity that is filling with blood.

FLYING glass—safety glass is not universal—contributes much more than its share to the spectacular side of accidents. It doesn't merely cut—the fragments are driven in as if a cannon loaded with broken bottles had been fired in your face. And a sliver in the eye, traveling with such force, means certain blindness. A leg or arm stuck through the windshield will cut clean to the bone through vein, artery, and muscle like a piece of beef under the butcher's knife, and it takes little time to lose a fatal amount of blood under such circumstances. Even safety glass may not be wholly safe when the car crashes something at high speed. You hear picturesque tales of how a flying human body will make a neat hole in the stuff with its head—the shoulders stick—the glass holds—and the raw, keen edge decapitates the body as neatly as a guillotine.

Or, to continue with the decapitation motif, going off the road into a post-and-rail fence can put you beyond worrying about other injuries immediately when a rail comes through the windshield and tears off your head with its splintery end—not as neat a job, but thoroughly efficient. Bodies are often found with their shoes off and their feet all broken out of shape. The shoes are back on the floor of the car, empty, and with their laces still neatly tied. That is the kind of impact produced by modern speeds.

But all that is routine in every American community. To be remembered individually by doctors and policemen, you have to do something as grotesque as the lady who burst the windshield with her head, splashing splinters all over the other occupants of the car, and then, as the car rolled over, rolled with it down the edge of the windshield frame and cut her throat from ear to ear. Or park on the pavement too near a curve at night and stand in front of the tail light as you take off the spare tire—which will immortalize you in somebody's memory as the fellow who was mashed three feet

broad and two inches thick by the impact of a heavy-duty truck against the rear of his own car. Or be as original as the pair of youths who were thrown out of an open roadster one spring—thrown clear—but each broke a windshield post with his head in passing and the whole top of each skull, down to the eyebrows, was missing. Or snap off a nine-inch tree and get yourself impaled by a ragged branch.

None of all that is scare fiction; it is just the horrible raw material of the year's statistics as seen in the ordinary course of duty by policemen and doctors, picked at random. The surprising thing is that there is so little dissimilarity in the stories they tell.

It's hard to find a surviving accident victim who can bear to talk. After you come to, the gnawing, searing pain throughout your body is accounted for by learning that you have both collarbones smashed, both shoulder blades splintered, your right arm broken in three places, and three ribs cracked, with every chance of bad internal ruptures. But the pain can't distract you, as the shock begins to wear off, from realizing that you are probably on your way out. You can't forget that, not even when they shift you from the ground to the stretcher and your broken ribs bite into your lungs and the sharp ends of your collarbones slide over to stab deep into each side of your screaming throat. When you've stopped screaming, it all comes back—you're dying and you hate yourself for it. That isn't fiction, either. It's what it actually feels like to be one of that 37,000.

AND every time you pass on a blind curve, every time you hit it up on a slippery road, every time you step on it harder than your reflexes will safely take, every time you drive with your reactions slowed down by a drink or two, every time you follow the man ahead too closely, you're gambling a few seconds against blood and agony and sudden death.

Take a look at yourself as the man in the white jacket shakes his head over you, tells the boys with the stretcher not to bother, and turns away to somebody else who isn't quite dead yet.

And then take it easy.

*What can melt adult hostility?
The warmth of faith, found in that
special world of children.*

Battalions of Babies

By MERIWETHER MACK

THE JAPANESE have a saying: "The first seven people you meet in the morning are your enemies." The implication is that the next seven are also. But Anna, my year-old daughter, has never heard of this Oriental adage. Neither have the little padded apricot children who cluster about us on our daily walks.

Life in Japan tends to become stylized. So the morning ritual is always the same. I bundle Anna Japanese fashion, place the *utampi* or metal hot-water bottle in the perambulator and we set out from the house in Midorigaoka. A clatter of geta on the flagstones, and the black-banged, stair-step children appear. They stand quietly, curiosity and childish uncertainty in their dark eyes. I ache with the poignant knowledge that I shall not see them much longer. The occupation, officially ended in 1952, is fraying out. We Americans are going home.

This morning I smile at the children. Anna gurgles, stretching a rose-petal hand. Instantly, they bound at the perambulator.

"*Kawaii* (cute)!" They shout joyously. "How old is the baby?" "Is he a boy or a girl?" "Where are you going?"

I answer in a hodgepodge of English-Japanese and they fall in happily behind us. It is cherry-blossom time. We stroll along,



a-hana-ming (flower viewing). But it could as well be maple or chrysanthemum time, or one of the endless festivals. Tokyo children are ubiquitous at any season. Trailing rose-colored branches, our little procession wanders down a hill, along a waterway to the moss-covered temple at the street's end.

Built in the 17th century, as a shrine to some forgotten shogun, the temple is a humble one. The children and I gaze with delight at the grass growing from roof shingles, chipped blue-green paint on carved foxes and dragons, an aloof white-robed priest, pacing the gallery. Brown bulbuls and little green brocade birds flit about the pine grove. There is the glint of water through trees. Children and *gayin* stand motionless in a little island of timelessness. Then suddenly, from inside the temple, comes the strident clang of a brass gong. The children turn to me rapturously. With spontaneous enthusiasm, we clap our hands as at the end of a theatrical performance.

The temple is the point beyond which the children have been forbidden to go. As always, I marvel at their discipline. We bow our *sayonaras* amid broad smiles. They scamper away, little amber hands waving in a farewell gesture.

A FEW yards farther I pick up another entourage and we go through the same introductory procedure. Now we troop into a market district. Here is the usual melange of odors: flowers and garbage, gasoline and fish, factory smoke and old incense-saturated wood. Stalls, open to the street, spill out cabbages, dried fish, bolts of cloth. I buy a small brass teakettle and watch mothers, surrounded by children, haggle with shopkeepers. The noodle vendor comes up to waggle a finger at Anna. When she chuckles in glee, the broad faces around us smile understandingly.

One mother bends over in articulate admiration, pointing out Anna's blue eyes to the solemn bundle on her back. I exclaim over the bundle and the two cherubs she is leading. Before an interested audience, we go into the charms of our respective *baby-chans*. The friendly gossip could be taking place in any super-

market back home. Where, I asked myself, is the anti-Americanism?

The dark undercurrent of hatred exists. Bob and I know it only too well. Surely no two races forced to live so close together ever found it harder to understand each other. Our two methods of meeting everyday situations collide head on—American good will, expressing itself in spontaneous gift giving, is frustrated by that peculiar facet of Japanese psychology known as *On*.

On, more complex than *face*, is a sense of obligation to a vast number of things, most of which are trivial to the Western mind. Since we have no counterpart to *On*, it is often hard for us to reconcile it with the cult of courtesy.

So I sigh with regret when Anna and the children and I pause before the sweetmeats stall at the market. I know, from experience with *On*, that I must throttle my impulse to buy treats for the little figures about me.

A comforting reflection for Western exiles in Japan is the stabilizing force of the century-old mission work of American and European Christians. This force leaves indelible marks on a small but powerful segment of Japanese life and helps neutralize the ever-present friction of trade embargoes and nuclear tests.

For Bob and me, most of the good things in Japan have come through the Sumis, an elderly Japanese couple whose home we share. The Sumis are Buddhists. Yet it was because the Sumis once had Christian friends in a distant city that Bob and I found our place in the Sumis' home.

Azuko was the link between us—Azuko, an emaciated young Japanese girl, with whom I scraped up an acquaintance at a Tokyo bus stop. I had just joined Bob in Japan; I was homesick and miserable. Bob was on duty in Psychological Warfare, so I found a job in the Army research library. I could not bear to stay in the cheerless apartment Bob had found, for I was afraid of the Japanese landlady, Misaka-San.

On cold, foggy mornings, Azuko took to waiting for me at the bus stop. She was 22 but looked 12. I poured out my loneliness to her: How Bob and I had eschewed the comforts of post life because we wanted to learn the Japanese people;

how Bob had found two rooms in an ex-geisha house, with *shaji*, wooden bathtub, even a tiny garden with dwarf trees; how we were unprepared for the vindictive hatred of Misaka-San, who spoke no English but proved adept at making life miserable for the *gayin* under her roof. No heat in a Tokyo winter. Misaka-San cut off water and electricity each night when we came home from work. Small pieces of our property disappeared or were wantonly destroyed. The climax came when Misaka-San cut down the clothesline which Bob had strung between bamboo poles. Coming home from work to find my laundry in the mud was the crowning indignity.

AZUKO'S eyes grew thoughtful when I recounted this. "All Japanese are not like Misaka-San," she told me. "I shall find you a new home. I cannot offer you my home, for now it is only one room for my young brother and sister. But I have friends of my parents who share their home with American soldiers. Be prepared to move at nightfall tomorrow."

I didn't really believe her. But Bob and I packed our few belongings the following day, informed Misaka-San, and at dusk were sitting expectantly on top of packing cases.

Through the fog, a large truck backed up to Misaka-San's door. Azuko leaped down with a smiling young Japanese.

"My brother, Chuzi," smiled Azuko. "The truck belongs to my employer. We have found you a new home."

The men loaded the truck, Azuko spoke quietly in Japanese to our hysterical landlady, and all four of us climbed in the front seat. When I am back in America, that night ride through the dim streets of Tokyo will mark the beginning of my real love for Japan. Homesickness and hostility vanished. Suddenly we were among friends. We four laughed and sang as we jolted over the cobblestones in a youthful accord that transcended differences in background.

And at the ride's end, there were Azuko's friends, the Sumis—elderly, courteous, welcoming us to an apartment that was warm and homelike. I threw my arms around Azuko:

"Why did you do all this for us?"

Her reply made me humble.

"It is bad to be without a home," said Azuko, her eyes cast down. "My brother, my sister, and I no longer have a home since my parents were killed and the house burned. That happened at Hiroshima. . . ."

The intervening years brought Anna, who proved a valuable adjunct to Psychological Warfare. Japanese love of children is proverbial. Bob and I, accustomed to cold hostility at the sight of his uniform, marveled at friendly yellow faces crowding about the baby wherever we took her. Our own thinking about the Japanese people underwent a vast change, too.

Mr. Sumi, a retired admiral of the Japanese Imperial Navy, is old and sick. Since a cerebral hemorrhage some years ago, he sometimes forgets his English—but never his exquisite courtesy. Bob and I know the secret of the profound sadness on his face. Kuno, his son and only child, was a kamikaze pilot, killed just before Japan's surrender.

Mrs. Sumi, with her butterfly hands, soft laughter, and pleading inflection, is straight out of a Japanese play. When Anna was born, Mrs. Sumi's joy was a thing to behold. Often the baby screamed at night with colic, and Mrs. Sumi pattered in with hot tea and soft words of comfort. When Bob worked until all hours at the office, Mrs. Sumi invited me in for sukiyaki. From her, I learned the rudiments of flower arrangement, the preparation of Japanese dishes, and some understanding of the "aesthetic mass" that is the tea ceremony. I learned other things, too—the acceptance of physical discomfort, the enjoyment of natural beauty, patience in poverty.

We had lived with the Sumis for months before they actually accepted us as friends. Then one night Mrs. Sumi invited me down to look at the family photographs. We sat on the floor under the tokonoma and drank coffee, a concession to my Western taste. I exclaimed politely over the pictures of Mr. Sumi as a handsome young naval officer, in full regalia of medals and samurai-type sword; over numerous likenesses of relatives; over Mrs. Sumi, with her young flower-like beauty, holding her baby son.

Then she handed me a picture of Kuno, taken the day before he died.

There he stood, in his aviator's uniform, laughing beside his doomed plane, his dark eyes exactly like his mother's. To my own chagrin, I broke into uncontrollable weeping.

I wept for the boys on both sides; for the May Day riots and the "Go Home, Yank" slogans; for the nuclear tests, and trade embargoes; for the need to commandeer rice fields in an impoverished country for our jet bases; for Japanese density in failing to understand the good will behind our loud voices and lavish expenditures.

Mrs. Sumi, rocking Anna on the floor, gazed at me wordlessly. But from that moment, there was understanding between us.

Today, my walk is the last one. I look yearningly at the two little boys flanking me, chattering in Japanese at my baby; at little girls, dragging cherry branches, a doll, or a smaller brother or sister.

AS WE say our last *sayonaras* and I turn into the familiar garden path, Anna is making hunger noises. Hamae-San, my tiny maid, will have a bottle warm. At some sort of pre-arranged signal, her small figure slips out of my apartment. An ivory hand appears at Mrs. Sumi's door, holding a translucent green bowl. *Omismo* soup! A delectable concoction of onions, little clams, and unidentifiable leaves.

My room by the bamboo hedge is warm, the *omismo* arranged on a low table like a flower display. Anna's milk is ready and Hamae-San bathes and feeds her and puts her to bed. Over the child, she hangs the red, demon-faced kite that, for some reason, produces a soporific effect on her. There is order and a warm sense of peace in the strange little room.

Living as we do in an atmosphere of continuous propaganda, I understand St. Paul's assertion that there are so many voices in the world. Why cannot the voices of all the quiet, peace-loving peoples of all religions lift above the general cacophony? Why cannot the laughter of children be heard above the harangues of diplomats and the clash of armaments?

Perhaps it would be well if our State Department emissaries, on their next good-will tour of Asia, took with them a battalion—of babies.



"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

A bishop, guest of a newly married couple, was awakened early by the soft tones of a soprano voice singing *Nearer, My God to Thee*. As the bishop lay abed, he meditated on the piety his young hostess must possess to begin her day's work in such a beautiful frame of mind.

At breakfast he commented on it. "Oh," she replied, "that's the hymn I boil the eggs by—three verses for soft and five for hard."

—FRANCES BENSON, *Holly, Colo.*

Some years ago at our Sunday school the teachers took turns addressing the pupils. Usually they rounded off a fine, well-told story with, "Now children, the moral of this story is . . ."

Came the day when one teacher did an extra-fine job. The youngsters were delighted—so much so that one asked if that particular teacher might talk more often.

"We like Miss Brown very much," explained the boy, "because she hasn't any morals."

—MRS. M. O. LAKEMAN, *Wigan, Lancs., England*

A minister, trying to get his board to approve spending \$200 for a fancy chandelier, was making slow progress. Finally, exasperated, he asked one particularly stubborn member, "Just why, Henry, are you so set against this?"

"Because," said Henry, "\$200 is too blame much for a chandelier—and I doubt if anyone in the whole church knows how to play one!"

—RUTH PENNER, *Marion, Kans.*

Why not share your favorite church-related chuckle with TOGETHER? If it is printed, you'll receive \$5. Sorry—no contributions can be returned, so please don't enclose postage.—Eds.



*A distinguished Methodist scholar reinterprets
a biblical figure with information from the Dead Sea Scrolls:*

John the Baptist—Today

By W. F. ALBRIGHT, *Professor Emeritus of Semitic Languages, Johns Hopkins University*

AT THE CROSSROADS of history, when Christianity was about to emerge from the womb of Judaism, stands a towering figure: Yohanan, son of the priest Zechariah, whom we know as John the Baptist. Just before the beginning of the public ministry of Jesus, he was to make a tremendous impact on the conscience of his time.

Until the Qumran Scrolls were discovered in caves near the Dead Sea about 12 years ago, many biblical students rejected much of the Gospel tradition about John. But the Scrolls illuminate his background and confirm the Gospel story to an extent no cautious scholar would have dared predict.

We now see John clearly against the background of a religious sect known as the Essenes. Nowhere in the Scrolls is it said that he was a member, but it is hard to understand his ideas and his practices unless we suppose he was strongly influenced by the Essenes. And the Gospels help to explain why he went his own way.

The Essene movement, begun more than a century before John was born, was a protest against the growing corruption among the Jewish ruling classes. In 167 B.C. the pious founder of the Maccabean House, rebelling against efforts of the Macedonian king of Syria to stamp out the Jewish faith, had established an independent state governed by high priests of his own family. Before long these patriotic high priests became monarchs and the Temple service in Jerusalem became riddled with graft and racketeering.

Pious men were shocked and some of them organized a new fellowship, the Essenes, which was to rank third in importance among Jewish sects just after the Pharisees and Sadducees. What they may have called themselves we do not know; we do not even know the personal

name of their founder, the "Right Teacher" (or Teacher of Righteousness). But we do know a great deal about their teachings and practices, thanks to the Qumran Scrolls and to the description of Essene tenets left by Josephus, the great Jewish historian.

The Essenes tried to keep themselves pure and their faith unsullied by isolation from others. Small groups were scattered through Palestine, and some apparently settled in Egypt. But their chief center, mentioned by the Roman writer Pliny (who died in the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79), was at Qumran itself.

Here in the wilderness of Judea they labored in fields watered by the copious flow of a neighboring spring. Marriage was discouraged, if not entirely prohibited, and members of the community shared their property. As they studied the Scriptures, they looked forward to the coming of the Anointed Prince and the Anointed Priest.

Priests were held in great honor by these sectarians, especially when they belonged to the House of Zadok, which traced its lineage back to the high priest of the original Temple of Solomon. We are told (Luke 1:80) that the priest's son, John, spent his youth in the wilderness. He could scarcely have avoided the pious worshipers at Qumran, who were apparently being reorganized after the abandonment of their community settlement during the reigns of the Jewish kings, Herod the Great and his son Archelaus, who had turned nearby Jericho into a fashionable winter resort with luxurious buildings and amenities. Herod favored the Essenes at first, but it is quite impossible to imagine the initially good relationship as lasting for long, especially after the terrible earthquake of 31 B.C.

Essenes were not prophets in the old Israelite sense, nor were they evangelists in any Christian sense. Their stress was on knowledge, especially knowledge of esoteric mysteries of salvation. While they welcomed disciples, they apparently made no attempt to preach to the masses. Only the specially chosen few, they thought, could be holy enough to merit a favored place in the future kingdom of God. To John, who emerged from the wilderness to herald the word of God to the crowds, this lack of social conscience must have been quite intolerable.

He had been wandering in the desert, clad in a tunic of coarse camel's hair like the Arabs, living on a diet of locusts and wild honey, easy for him to procure and

*Here's John—visualized by Suné Richards,
whose camera pictured Women of the Bible
for TOGETHER last December. The chains symbolize
imprisonment before he was beheaded by King Herod as
a reward to his ill-gotten wife, Herodias, for
dancing by her daughter, Salome. The Bible didn't
record Salome's name, but Josephus, a Jewish
historian, did. It is perpetuated in a play by
Oscar Wilde, made into an opera by Richard Strauss.*

rich in vitamins and energy. (In south Arabia I have often seen people eating locusts, both roasted and raw.) We may imagine him as constantly repeating and rethinking the words of the Prophets, which he doubtless knew by heart like any other bright son of a Jewish priestly family, until he could contain himself no longer. He had no illusions about himself; he was not the Anointed One (Messiah), he was not Elijah come to life again, he was not a great prophet himself, but only John, sent by God to be a forerunner of the Kingdom.

From the Essenes he had learned a practice known only under certain conditions among other Jewish groups: the ceremony of purification by water as a sign of inner purity. But while the Essenes purified themselves with running water on many occasions, John appears to have insisted only on a single ritual act of sacramental quality: "He went . . . preaching a baptism of repentance for the forgiveness of sins." (Luke 3:3.) The convert was not to be introduced into a new tyranny of endless purifications, but was to emerge from the running water of Jordan free from sin, ready to witness to the salvation wrought by God.

John refused to accept any merit under God in belonging to a "superior" race or religion. One can readily imagine his disgust at hearing the Essenes praise their own good conduct and excoriate "all the children of Belial." He was pointedly hostile to the clergymen and the theologians of his day, whom he scathingly denounced as "a generation of vipers," and gentle but firm in his demands on the common people, whom he commanded to share what they had with others.

Like Jesus he showed special tolerance toward the hated tax collectors and police, without whom organized society was impossible. To the former, who often became rich from the proceeds of extortion, he said, "Take no more than is legally required"; to the latter (who served both as soldiers and as police) he forbade not only the

use of violence and unjust accusation, but also graft.

Seeing clearly the rapid approach of divine judgment on human wickedness, he did not spare his people as he announced the coming of a Mighty One who would baptize with "the fire of the Holy Spirit." (The usual rendering "the Holy Spirit and fire" must be corrected in the light of the syntactic Hebrew usage of the Qumran Scrolls.) The Coming One will "clear his threshing floor, and . . . gather the wheat into his granary, but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire." (Luke 3:17.) Within little over a century, the Jews of Palestine and neighboring lands were to be utterly crushed in several bloody revolts, lasting many years; Jerusalem would not again be inhabited by Jews until many centuries had passed.

We shall never know the exact relation between John the Baptist and Jesus. It was John who is said to have first recognized that the humble man of Nazareth was the Anointed One, and the first disciples of Jesus, Andrew and probably John the Evangelist, came to him from John the Baptist.

It is now certain that the teachings of Jesus, as reported particularly by the Gospel of John, were strongly influenced in details by the Essenes. It is equally clear that John the Baptist was a true forerunner of Christ at the very points where the former broke with the Essenes.

Later while John was in prison, he seems to have been much disturbed by the tales he was hearing of the evangelistic activities of Jesus. Being a very human prophet, he could not grasp the full meaning of the tremendous movement which he had helped so notably in starting, a movement which was to light a devouring fire throughout the earth and to shock mankind from its millennial lethargy. As a true prophet he bowed to the will of God and met his own execution as courageously as he had denounced wickedness in high places.



A Bible Expert— In Any Language

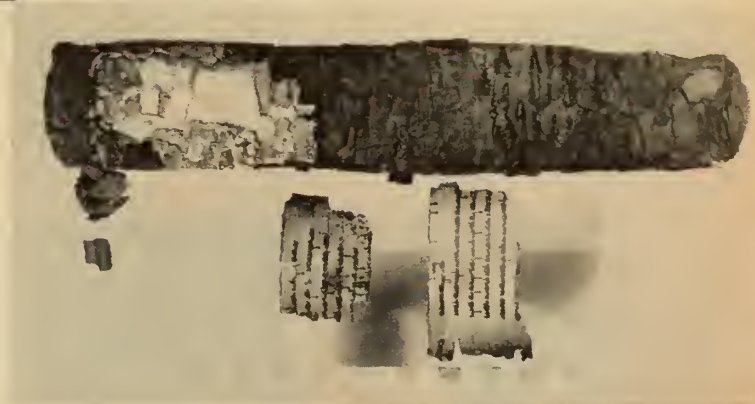
JOHN THE BAPTIST is emerging from the haze of history as a very real person—thanks largely to light thrown on his times by the Dead Sea Scrolls. And to tell that story, we turned to Dr. W. F. Albright of Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore, Md. You may recall that he was introduced to readers of *TOGETHER* in March, 1957, as one of our *Unusual Methodists*.

Born of missionary parents in Chile in 1891, he "rode the rods" as an itinerant farm hand to earn his way through Upper Iowa University. He is exceptionally gifted in linguistics, being able to decipher cuneiform tablets and ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics as readily as he reads modern languages. Once he wanted to read a Swedish book—and did so handily after studying that language for just two weeks.

Scholars the world over recognize Dr. Albright as pre-eminent in biblical history. Yet he's spent so much time overseas, often at excavation sites, that he's never been able to teach Sunday school!—Eds.



Here at Qumran in the wilderness near the Dead Sea lived the ascetic Essenes for two centuries. When forced to flee in 68 A.D., they hid their library in caves. The decayed scroll at right is typical of the remnants being found.



Christians watch with growing interest as

Scholars and Scientists Piece Out the Scrolls

A DEDICATED task force of scholars and scientists is waging a successful battle in Jerusalem to decipher—and preserve—the priceless Dead Sea Scrolls.

The manuscripts' antiquity was recognized in 1948 by Dr. John C. Trever, Methodist minister and professor of religion at Morris Harvey College, Charleston, W.Va. Since that day, biblical scholars, archaeologists, palcographers, and chemists of a dozen nations have been studying the finds, using such new scientific tools as radiocarbon, electronic machines, and infrared rays. Had the Scrolls been found 50 years ago, before such aids had been developed, many might never have been read.

Scrolls and fragments representing about 600 different works and all the books of the



At the Hebrew University, patience is the watchword as a priceless scroll is slowly opened.



Dr. John C. Trever copies the Essenes' Discipline.

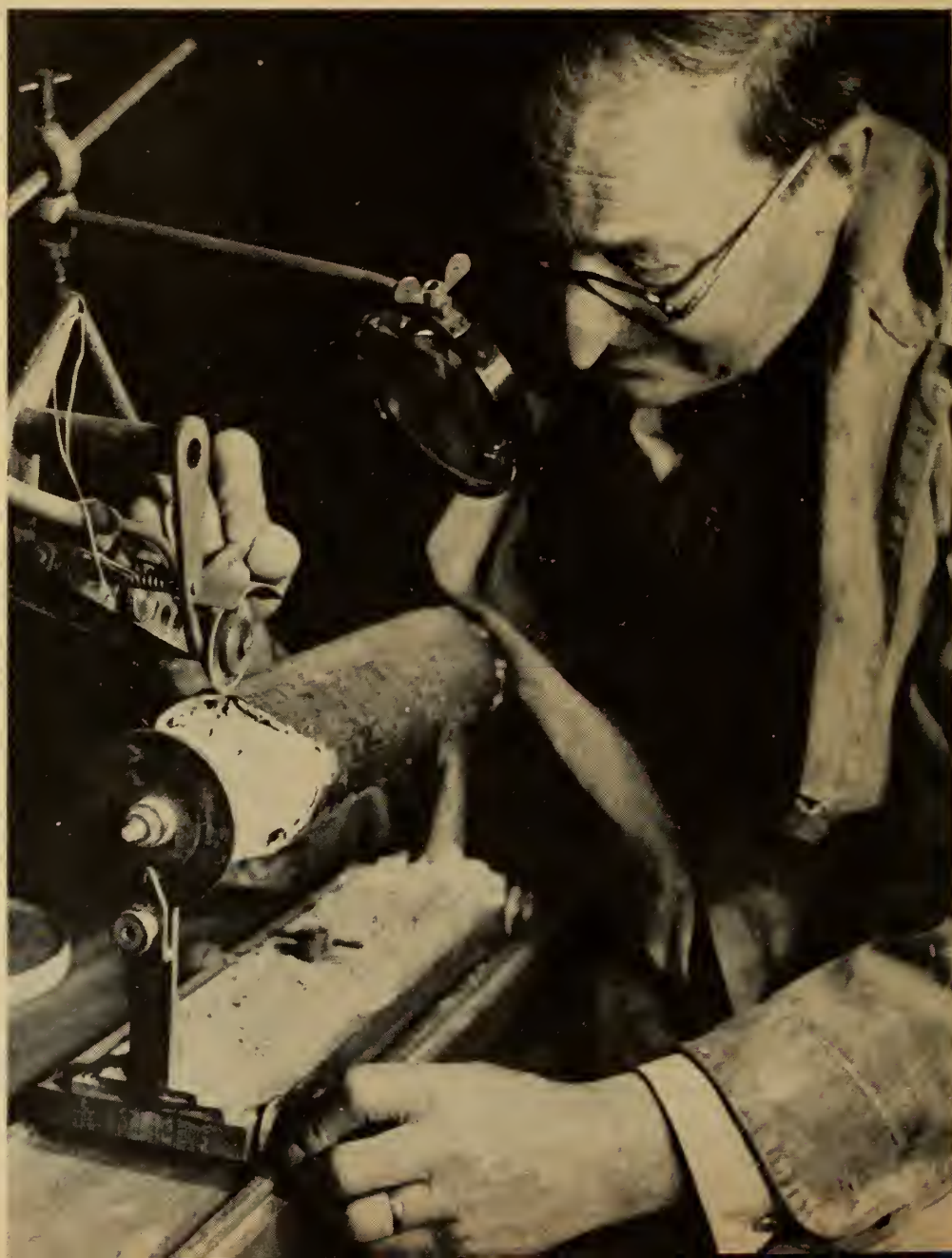
Bible except Esther have been found. These fragile leather and papyrus treasures, owned by Jordan and Israel, are painstakingly cleaned, labeled, and photographed, then placed under glass on worktables.

Decayed or brittle manuscripts are so carefully peeled open that it was many months before one was unrolled. The copper scrolls were coated with plastic, then a delicate machine sliced the layers apart.

When translations are ready, copies will be available to biblical scholars on both sides of the Atlantic for study and comparison with other ancient texts [see *News*, November, 1958, page 63], adding to man's growing understanding of his Bible.



To protect the writings, Essenes stored them in jars like this.



*Opening copper scroll.
It was done so carefully
that not even one
letter was lost.*



By IRA M. MOHLER

FATHER Has a Day, Too

IN THE half century since the idea first was conceived, Father's Day has come a long way—from a small, local observance to a national day of homage to America's dads. Fittingly, Methodist women have played a major role in giving birth to, and nurturing, the big day.

Let's turn back the calendar to early summer, 1908. In Grafton, W. Va., spasmodic efforts were under way to start an annual observance honoring the nation's mothers [see *She Started Mother's Day*, April, 1958, page 43]. And in nearby Fairmont, Mrs. Charles Clayton, daughter of a Methodist preacher and a pillar of the Central Methodist Church, had just approached her pastor with an idea: Why not hold a service honoring fathers?

Dr. Robert T. Webb was more than receptive: the idea struck him as excellent. And so, on July 5, 1908, Central Church held one of the first—possibly the first—Father's Day services in the country. Locally, it was an important event; nationally it created only a ripple of attention. But the spark of a great idea had been struck.

It flickered next far out on the West Coast in 1910 when Mrs. John Bruce Dodd of Spokane, Wash., wrote the Spokane Ministerial Alli-

ance, suggesting that fathers be honored with their own day each year. The driving force behind Mrs. Dodd's request was the love she bore for her own father, William Smart, who had successfully reared six motherless children.

With the help of the YMCA, the Alliance promoted June 19, 1910, as Father's Day in Spokane. Next year, Chicago observed a day for fathers, sponsored by Jane Addams, social worker-founder of Hull House. Slowly other communities from coast to coast began to fall in line.

Then, in 1919, a Methodist school-girl, 15-year-old Kate Swineford of Drewry's Bluff, Va., conceived the idea of Father's Day in honor of her dad, superintendent of Beulah Methodist Church's Sunday school for many years. Two years later she persuaded Gov. E. Lee Trinkle to proclaim a June date as Father's Day in Virginia—and in 1932 the young woman (now Mrs. Walter H. Burgess, an active member of Trinity Methodist Church, Miami, Fla.) registered the National Father's Day Association, Inc., with the U.S. Patent Office.

Meanwhile, a Chicago businessman, Harry C. Meek, had been carrying out a Lions Club mandate to promote the day throughout the

U.S. He visited Presidents Harding and Coolidge, but neither would proclaim a national observance for fear of commercialization. Mr. Coolidge relented sufficiently in 1924 to write Mr. Meek a letter saying, "Observance of this occasion is calculated to establish more intimate relations between fathers and their children, and also to impress upon fathers the full measure of their obligations." But that same year Congress failed to pass a resolution designating a National Father's Day—and, to this day, has never yielded.

A co-ordinated, nation-wide drive to win one special day for fathers was launched 23 years ago by the National Father's Day Committee. Settling on the third Sunday in June, it now selects a national Father of the Year and emphasizes one theme each year. In 1959 it is *Juvenile Integrity Starts in the Home* and the day—June 21—will be marked throughout much of the world.

Along the path of years the rose came to be chosen as the Father's Day flower, red for a living father, white for a departed.

Typically, it is the enthusiasm of the youngsters which really makes Father's Day great. Not long ago, for example, one boy, confused about time and distance but not about his dad, explained: "My pop's tops not only on Father's Day but on the other 5,280 days of the year." But a Chicago girl spoke more accurately for thousands of others when she remarked about her father: "He shelters, feeds, and clothes me, and most of all he loves me."

No doubt she spoke for Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Burgess, and all the nameless thousands who have worked to give father his own day of love and attention—the sort of love and attention he lavishes on his family all year round.



MISS AMERICA: Mary Ann Mobley, girl of beauty, faith.

MISSISSIPPI MISS. It wasn't long after attractive Mary Ann Mobley had won the title of Miss America, 1959, that she was back in her usual spot in the choir loft of the Brandon Methodist Church—singing a solo. Reared in that Mississippi town, Mary Ann was always active in MYF and Sunday-school work and had long sung regularly in the choir. Her natural charm won her the Miss Mississippi of 1958 title, then carried this 21-year-old Methodist beauty on to the Miss America crown, against competition from 51 other girls. Since then, her days have been a whirlwind of public appearances—but she still sandwiches in visits to her home city and church. When she relinquishes her crown this fall, she will return to the University of Mississippi. Next: a career in TV or musical comedy. Throughout the Miss America competition Mary Ann wore a mustard-seed charm bracelet, presented by a Sunday-school teacher, as the outward symbol of her faith. Asked to put that faith in words, Miss America summarizes: "You can do anything that you want, if you want it badly enough."

Unusual



COVER CREATOR. Many a Methodist has graced the covers of *The Saturday Evening Post*, thanks to busy commercial artist Dick Sargent. A member of First Methodist Church, New Rochelle, N.Y., Sargent often uses fellow churchmen as models for his cover paintings. Last January, for instance, 20 members of the Young Adult Fellowship staged a day-before-Christmas shopping scene in the parish house, set up as a department store with props from Macy's. And this spring he placed a former First Church minister "in the bleachers" for one of his baseball-game covers. In still another, the Finance Commission chairman and his wife are singing from a hymnbook. Preparing to paint that scene, Sargent considered joining the church choir to study singers' grimaces, but backed out when reminded he would have to pass an audition. Heading a family of five active Methodists, Sargent has been painting *Post* covers since 1952, working in his Eastchester, N.Y., studio-home. There he has a standing assignment for his wife, a former art student, and sons Anthony, John, and Thomas: "Help me meet my deadlines!"

POST PAINTER: For Dick Sargent, Methodists make covers.



TEACHER TRAINER: Mathew Wakatama works at grass-roots level on African campus.

PIONEER WITH A PURPOSE. In racially tense Africa, Methodist educator Mathew Wakatama is blazing a trail of peaceful co-operation. As head of Old Umtali Mission's Higher Teachers' Training Program, he holds two significant firsts: He is the first African in Southern Rhodesia to be appointed to such a high educational administrative post—and the first African known to have Europeans working under his supervision. Wakatama is a product of Methodist missions. His early education was in the Waddilove Mission; after further study, he became headmaster of Nyadiri Mission. While there, he received a Crusade Scholarship and, with his wife and younger children, left for London where he earned his master's degree in education. In addition to his strenuous school schedule, Wakatama—who has seven lively youngsters at home—finds time for Methodist youth work. His major goals now: to further the education of promising students and to work hand in hand with representatives of both races in pouring oil on the racially troubled waters of the Dark Continent.

Methodists

On our church rolls are many interesting men and women—like these.

HILLSIDE HIKER. When the regular Brunswick, Md., newsboys complained that the hilly sections of town were too steep for them, 81-year-old Mrs. Mary Douglas came out of "retirement" to take over the leg-stretching route. Since then, every Thursday finds her delivering *The Blade-Times* to 80 hill-dwelling customers. Walking from 8 A.M. till 4 P.M., Mrs. Douglas takes no time out for lunch or coffee breaks. She travels over 10 miles and makes only one refreshment stop—with her best friend, who gives her a cool drink of water, midway along the route. Mrs. Douglas' "special equipment" for the job includes a canvas carrying bag, a sunbonnet, and a well-worn pair of flat-heeled shoes. Among her customers is the Rev. J. W. Seay, pastor of the New York Hill Methodist Church, where Mrs. Douglas teaches Sunday school every week. This super-active grandmother "retired" five years ago after 60 years of Salvation Army service—but continues to work in its fund-raising drives and similar projects. Head of a five-generation family, Mrs. Douglas makes one proud claim: "I can walk the legs off my great-grandchildren."

SUMMIT SCALER: Mrs. Mary Douglas takes 10 miles of hills in her stride.





Our neighbors regard us as a nice couple with a pair of healthy sons. How many would change their minds if they knew my husband and I had been in prison?

Shall We Tell Our Children We're

By **GLORIA SHELBY** as told to **GEORGE BARKER**

HOW DO YOU tell your children their parents are ex-convicts? I scrub my sons ready for school in the morning, and the pain of fear shoots through me. We will have to tell them soon or someone else will. What will they think?

Will my boys understand when I tell them I was arrested for murder and that their daddy is a two-time loser, convicted of burglary and grand theft?

Can we explain to them how God and love can grow out of ugliness and crime? My husband and I know we have been blessed with a miracle.

But miracles aren't easy to explain.

Especially when son Jimmie points a toy pistol at his brother John and shouts: "Blam! Blam! You're a bad guy and I killed you. You're dead. . ."

I pointed a pistol at a man in a bar several years ago. But it wasn't a toy pistol. I killed him.

I remember how he clutched his side and stumbled out of the place. How the jukebox kept playing. The shocked faces around me. The pistol in my hand. The police. The reporters. And I remember walking past the gates, into the state prison. At

that moment it seemed my whole life had been lived as a preamble to prison.

I was a young, divorced mother of two small boys. I was a girl known for her drinking, her good looks, and her mistake in taking up with one of the fellows who hung around a bar.

I will not reveal my name nor the real names of others in my family listed here. My friends know who we are. Our minister and his wife know who we are. And the police know who we are.

But the woman who handed me



Ex-Convicts?

a prison uniform when I checked in knew me by a new designation—a number!

"Here are your things," she said, "and here's your number." I was handed a short stack of denim skirts, shirts, and jeans. The matron was friendly. But the prisoners treated me like a leper.

They had me pegged for a drinking woman, a coldhearted killer. In the weeks it took for "the freeze" to thaw, the only thing that kept me going was the hardening I received from the troubles that had led to a cell in state prison.

I was four when my father died and my mother was left with several children. I quit school in the seventh grade; at 20 I married a serviceman. When our divorce became final, I had two boys. There was a job open in a suburban restaurant and bar. I took it. Soon afterward I met the young man I was later to kill. Nothing he did to me justified my taking his life. But I took it.

In court, I pleaded guilty to voluntary manslaughter and the judge set my sentence at two-to-ten years. My long-suffering mother took my boys. She told them I was in the hospital.

Prison is hard on a man, but even harder on a woman. She misses home and family more sharply. One of my prison friends used to remark often, "If I could only take my little girl in my arms just once a week, I'd let them double my sentence."

It was during my first night in prison that I discovered God. I was lying in the darkness, crying silently. I realized I had gone as far as I could go in my life of sin. I would have to change, somehow, or my two little boys would be lost. There was no one to talk to.

From my cot I could see across the prison aisle that separates the cell block from the high windows of the prison building. And I could see a small patch of sky. I just started praying.

I don't know how long I prayed or my exact words. But I remember the results. I remember feeling God's presence in my cell—and I think I could almost feel him touching me. I know he told me he would help me find the way. For the first time in years, I slept peacefully.

In my free time in those early weeks I wrote a few letters, some to Fred, a boy I met while in county jail—the man who now is my husband. We had met while both of us were awaiting trial. The men's and women's cells were separated by an air chute and we spoke across it. I was impressed by his good manners. He seemed too nice to be in jail—until I remembered that I once would have thought myself too nice to be in jail, too.

After exchanging a few letters with him, I stopped. It all seemed futile.

My most fortifying contacts with the outside were the regular visits

of my pastor and his wife. Following one of these visits, I decided to help teach the Sunday-school class that met in the women's prison. I know my teaching wasn't the most skillful—but it was effective. The girls told me they could believe me a lot easier because they knew I wasn't a do-gooder. I told them how Christ had helped me. They needed that help, too.

Finally, my parole came through. There's no accurate way to tell how I felt when I walked out the front gate on a warm summer day. The world seemed wider and higher and bigger than I ever remembered it. I had been in prison two years.

Jimmie and John came running up the walk to meet me. "Here's Mommy!" they yelled. "She's not sick any more." I threw my arms around them and loved them so hard I thought I'd die.

I wanted to pick them up and run just as fast as I could into the wide, high, wonderful world—to get away from the nearness of prison and the trouble I had always known.

But I didn't. And I'm glad.

We live now in a pleasant apartment. Our neighbors regard us as a nice couple with a pair of healthy, adventurous sons.

Sometimes I wonder how many of them would change their minds if they knew my husband and I had been in prison. Would *you* want ex-convicts for neighbors?

"Let's not crowd our luck," Fred says when I suggest we tell about ourselves. "We're getting along. Let's leave it that way."

Last fall we celebrated our wedding anniversary. We observed another anniversary recently, too—that of our release from state prison. My husband served a total of almost four years. But now, to use a popular expression, we're going straight.

Actually going straight is easier than most convicts think. But it is much more difficult than other people could imagine. Fred and I are helping each other.

From our first meeting, Fred and I had more in common than our state-supplied clothing. I sensed in him a deep desire to live right and to escape the influences that had led him to prison.

When I was first paroled, Fred phoned me and we started dating;

four months later we asked our parole supervisor for permission to be married. He looked at us long and hard before he started talking, warning us about the pitfalls in our path. Finally, though, he smiled.

"If any other two people with your records would have come in with a request like this I would have turned them down cold," he said. "But you kids have something few people have. I think you're finding out about faith."

Fred found us an apartment. I took my sons from my hard-working mother. For the first time in my life I had a place of my own with my family around me. As I think about it, I believe that three factors have contributed to make our marriage a success. We are in love. We are both working hard to make our way. And we have found a great source of help we never appreciated before—our church.

My first visit back to the church after my parole was something I will never forget.

I was paroled late in the week. When my pastor's wife came to accompany me to church, my first reaction was to beg off—to give myself a chance to "get adjusted." Actually, I was afraid to meet people. But I went, and it was wonderful. My friends didn't go out of their way to avoid mentioning my prison experience. But they didn't dwell on it, either. Most of them accepted me as I was—a girl who had found her way back from a jungle of mistakes.

Today, many of our free hours are spent with our church friends. I am a counselor to a young women's organization, a substitute Sunday-school teacher, a group leader, and a social chairman. I was elected recently to the church election committee.

Fred also is a substitute teacher for the adult classes and often teaches Sunday school at the juvenile detention home. He is a training-group captain at church. Our church friends are giving us what ex-convicts need most—trust and understanding. We thank God for the people I grew up with—the folks who stood by me in prison and who helped us readjust when we got out.

Fred has a good job now and we're getting along splendidly. I think he and I are less likely than most people to go off the deep end.

We realize we have been given an opportunity for a new life. We have traveled a route we know cannot be traveled twice.

My biggest concern remains for my boys. I want for them what every mother wants for her sons. I want them to grow up honest and clean and capable and proud.

How proud can they be when I tell them their mother and father

are ex-convicts? Are they old enough to understand? Are people at any age able to accept a person for what he is, rather than judge him by the mistakes he has made?

"You never get over the hump," Fred said the other night. "You just get to know the hump is there. You try to make climbing it worthwhile."

And that, I guess, sums it up.



MIDMONTH POWWOW

READERVIEWS

From 3 Methodists



Janet Whittaker
SCHOOLGIRL
Glen Ellyn, Ill.



Della Brown
HOUSEWIFE
Arlington, Va.



Dr. John B. Oman
MINISTER
Minneapolis, Minn.

YES, BUT WAIT UNTIL THEY'RE OLDER

Urges: Janet Whittaker

HOW DO YOU TELL your children that their parents are ex-convicts in such a way that their love and pride will deepen instead of disappear?

Whether you realize it or not, Mrs. Shelby, you are preparing them now by the confidence you are building in them through love. They see the care you give in a daily bath, the time you take in making sandwiches after school, and the love you show in a good-night kiss. The faith you feel is transmitted to them every time you take them to Sunday school. You tell them through working and playing together. Words tell little. Emotions shown through actions tell volumes.

Will your children accept you for what you are after they know the truth? Your lifelong friends have accepted you for what you are. They do not know you at all in comparison to your sons. They see you, Mrs. Shelby, as a deeply faithful, courageous, hopeful, giving person.

When you take something away from people, you must have a good substitute to give. You think that when you tell your sons their parents are ex-convicts, you will be taking away their pride in you. But what is pride? It is recognition of the existence of qualities which one admires. Who doesn't admire courage, or faith, or repentance, or love?

No, when you tell them the truth,

you will not take away, you will add. You will supplement all you are giving them with the courage you found in overcoming your mistakes and misfortune.

Most parents can tell their children what not to do because they have been told it is wrong. But you can tell them what the consequences of crime have been in your own life. This will to change a way of life is another essential quality you can give them. They are too young now to comprehend all that has happened to you. It would be nearly impossible for them to realize that the strength you have shown in developing your new way of life greatly overshadows the original weakness displayed in your mistakes. However, if you wait, someone else may tell them—and you know how cruel children can be. I should say that with the family life you are giving them—based as it is on love, work, and faith—12 or 13 would probably be the best age for you to tell them.

After explaining the whole experience to them, have them read your article. It was so moving and expressive that no reader could help but feel admiration for you.

TELL THEM BEFORE OTHERS DO

Says: Della Brown

THE FOUNDATION on which every child's security is built is his certainty that his parents love him and that he, as one of the family, can share in family confidences.

Each day this mother delays in telling her boys of the tragic past, she runs the danger of having some unkind person reveal it and perhaps even taunt them with it. Such a blow would be followed by their sad question, "Why didn't you tell us first?"

Children reflect parents' attitudes. They are resilient and can stand serious troubles if they know their parents are not defeated by them. When this woman tells her story to the boys, she should pray for help to do it in such a way as to convince the children that she and their stepfather have overcome their past and that they now are good people. She

should tell the boys that she and her husband know God has forgiven them. She should also explain they have paid fully for their mistakes and will never break the law again.

This story should be told casually. An opportunity will surely arise when she can say to the boys, "You are old enough now to hear something about your parents which we feel you should know."

As a mother, she may be tempted to relieve her own mind by pouring out all the facts at once. For the sake of the children, she should not. The parents should talk over in advance what details the children need to know at this time. It could only hurt a sensitive child to be told, for instance, of such horrors as those dreary days behind bars.

Telling this story once may not be enough. The boys may need to be reassured that their mother will never have to be punished again. As the children grow older, additional facts should be told them—and they should be warned of the harm which comes of doing wrong to others.

I believe family solidarity will be strengthened when these parents tell their children of the mistakes which brought so much sorrow into their own lives. Some day, when the boys grow older, they will understand and appreciate the sound character which enabled their parents to rise above the cloud of prison and become useful citizens.

USE AN APPROPRIATE METHOD

Advises: John B. Oman

IT IS APPARENT that this mother wants to tell her sons about their stepfather's incarceration and hers rather than have them learn of it from someone else. This is good. However, her obvious anxiety about it, including the "how to," may cause her to use an inappropriate method and timing.

When children are not sufficiently included in the family to know its past and are not aware of their parents' plans for the present and future, they are apt to become insecure. And

to learn of their parents' past from an outsider could be a more traumatic experience than being told by the parents.

Before telling these boys, the father and mother need to feel that not only has God forgiven them, and not only have they paid their debt to society; they need, emotionally, to have experienced self-forgiveness and self-acceptance. Otherwise their tension and guilt feelings will be transferred to the boys in the form of free-floating anxiety.

This mother not only is fearful of what telling the boys will do to them, but she is equally fearful of their rejecting her. To overcome these fears, she needs verbal assurance on an emotional level. To accomplish this, she needs only to ask herself if there is anything that her boys could do that would cause her to reject them. A normal parent will never reject a child. Therefore, it is reasonable to assume that a child's love for his parents is comparable, and that regardless of past misdeeds the child will still love his parents and accept them.

One of the most helpful things parents can do in assisting their children to mature properly is to let them know that Mother and Dad make mistakes, too. Boys and girls learn to be men and women from their fathers and mothers. In seeking to emulate a "perfect" parent they become defeated and loaded with guilt feelings for not being able to measure up. Therefore, it is reassuring to a child to find that his parents can make mistakes. Their errors do not reduce his love and admiration, but serve as a motivation for him to live at his best with all his mistakes, and cause him to feel that he, too, will be loved and accepted.

One technique this mother might use would be to read or tell them the story of this article and get their reaction. If they show rigidity and unwillingness to accept such parents, this would be her clew that she needs to teach them the non-judgmental philosophy of forgiveness and acceptance before revealing she and her husband are the actual mother and father in the case history.

She will, I feel, be happily surprised to find that her attitude has been "caught" by, if not formally taught to, her boys.

A polio-stricken youth learns a great truth about today's young people.

Teen-agers Are Good Risks

By TOMMY ROBERTSON, as told to H. B. TEETER

WHEN THEY TOLD me I could leave the hospital, I was so excited I hardly slept. After two years as a polio patient, I was going home for good! From iron lung and chest respirator, I had graduated to rocking bed and wheel chair.

The doctors and nurses had done all they could for me—they had saved my life. That, in itself, was almost a miracle. I would return to my home in Mission, Tex., paralyzed from the neck down. I could move only my head. But my mind was sound—and I was determined to live.

During that last night in the hospital at Harlingen, Tex., some of the old doubts came back. My thoughts keep turning to the kids I had known from childhood through grade school. They were living now in a faster, more active world than I could ever share with them. How would they welcome me, a 17-year-old in a wheel chair? Would they pay a few courtesy calls, hiding their pity behind forced cheerfulness, and then drift away?

It was April; the kids were busy in school. My best friend, George, came over the first day and we talked a long time. He had grown into a tall, handsome six-footer while I had been away. Melania came over—as she was to do every Tuesday—and rolled me down to see a movie.

Other boys and girls came to visit in the evenings and we spent a lot of

time chatting, looking at TV, listening to music. When no one was looking, I watched my friends for signs of change in their attitude toward me. There they were—the boys growing bigger, the girls prettier. While I, who had once been an active 15-year-old, couldn't move my arms or legs. My 180 pounds had dropped to a skinny 80.

That fall, when school began again, a wire was strung between my home and my classrooms at Mission High School so I could hear and be heard. From the first, the teachers treated me as a regular student. I had to be alert, not knowing when a question would be thrown my way. Once, when my English teacher asked me about some word in a sentence, I recited from the wrong sentence.

"Tommy Robertson," came the voice over the speaker, "you get an F for this period. You are not paying attention!"

In the merriment that swept the class I detected the laughter of some of my buddies—who probably hadn't been paying attention, either!

In those autumn days, Clark came by often to push me out to the football practice field. Once I had made big plans to try out for the team, but I'd, never have the chance now. In the evenings, George came by to prop me up in the car and take me for a ride. Occasionally, we'd pick up a car-

*My friends were never so
preoccupied that they forgot me.
Selfish and thoughtless?
Not these kids!*



load of boys, sometimes several girls. Now and then I was even asked to accompany a boy on his date—until he got serious and preferred to be alone with his girl.

Because they wanted me to be one of them again, they encouraged me to ask a girl for a date. That was hard for me to do, but I finally summoned the courage. I guess Peggy was my first real date. Usually we'd go to a drive-in where we'd sit around and talk and see all the gang.

It was at times like these that my

friends unwittingly showed me how much they had learned, without my telling them. How I wanted my legs and arms moved, for example. When we ordered food or drinks, they knew how to feed me with almost professional skill. And I can tell you it's an unusual feeling to have a husky high-school athlete feeding you with a spoon, as if you were an infant! Once, believe it or not, these fellows even took me with them on a rabbit hunt!

Mother and Dad appreciated the kids as much as I did. The doors were

always open to them and unfailingly there was plenty to eat on hand.

It was about this time that my condition, and what those loyal friends were doing for me, reached the attention of then-Governor Allan Shivers of Texas. Before long I got the breath-taking news that he and the President of the United States would stop by my home for a visit!

That Sunday morning I was in the front yard playing checkers with Willie, the boy who bathed me, gave me exercises, and did all the other things most people do for themselves. The President drove up with the governor after U.S. Secret Service men had planted themselves in the yard and street.

When Mr. Eisenhower sat down beside me, he said it had been a long time since he had played checkers—and he kidded me about losing to Willie. I asked him if he were going fishing, and he said jokingly that he didn't think there was enough water in Texas.

Of course, my friends drove by later to find out all about Mr. Eisenhower's visit.

"I guess you were tongue-tied when you met him," said Ann Ellen.

"No," I told her, "he made me feel at ease at once. He seemed like a friend I had known for a long time—like you kids."

That was the day my little brother, Bill—now a teen-ager himself—proved he's a budding businessman. He made each kid pay 10 cents to sit in the chair where Ike had sat!

Yes, teen-agers are wonderful. I know they can be the most unselfish people in the world—if you give them half a chance. The next time you read about juvenile delinquency, remember the kids of Mission and what they did for me.

These are the same boys and girls who visited me often in the hospital at Harlingen, some 40 miles away. They'd come and talk to me through the window, giving me all the latest news from home. I knew then that they were hiding fear inside themselves, but not once did I see a look of pity on their faces. They chatted on gaily, telling me who dated whom, or, as they once did, that the SMU football team was sending me an autographed football—the one they used to beat Texas.

In this way my friends made life





Your Faith and Your Church

Existentialism—what is it?

This term is hard to define because it covers a wide range of philosophy, both Christian and non-Christian. The heart of it is this: an existential experience is a direct, firsthand experience, an encounter that allows for no intermediary, whether that experience is in riding a horse or finding new evidence of God's love. What is existential, in Paul Tillich's phrase, is that which "gets under the skin."

Although everything that is existential in religion can be found in Job, Ecclesiastes, and the teachings of Jesus, most present-day notions go back to Soren Kierkegaard, who protested against treating ideas as though they were the same as reality. The person who thinks "race" when he sees another person of a different color, or "nation" when

he encounters someone who speaks another language, is guilty of this "ideology."

In religion this has special application because we are continually tempted to substitute "belief about" for "faith in," when we think of God. Remember Abraham: he "met God face to face and became the friend of God." Remember also Jesus, who did not say, "I teach the truth," but rather, "I am the Truth."

But the Existentialist is often inclined to go overboard in his concern with what exists here and now. He sees bitterness and hatred, doubt and despair, and he may conclude that life has no meaning and no future.

There are "moments of truth" in Existentialism, but only when they reveal, hopefully and purposefully, our need of God.

Is my minister's 'call' different from mine?

Not in the sense that every Christian is called, as Paul says (2 Timothy 1:9), according to the power of God who saved us and "called us with a holy calling." This call is the advantage the Christian has, and his job is to live his life worthy of this calling.

Sometimes you meet a church member who says, "I'm not interested in becoming a saint. It will be all right with me if I barely get into heaven." Forgetting the silly idea of heaven implied, that idea simply will not work. If we refuse to advance, we have already taken a step backward.

After all, the minister is only a Christian layman who has been

called to certain duties. His ordination sets him apart and he is expected to continue his study and discipline and rounding off the rough edges of his personality so that he may increasingly become God's workman "who needeth not be ashamed."

There is a division of labor in the Christian fellowship and we ought not all try to do the same things. Plowing and preaching are both callings of God; preaching is only closer to God if the preacher makes it so.

Readers' questions are answered in these columns every month by Dr. T. Otto Nall, editor of The New Christian Advocate, who has devoted more than 36 years to religious journalism in the U.S. and abroad.

so wonderful that I could forget the things I couldn't do. These teenagers, I'm sure, are just like scores of youngsters in your community. They are filled with life and vigor, and are always looking for new experiences. Despite this, they were never so preoccupied with their own pleasures that they forgot me. They never left me out. Selfish and thoughtless? Not these kids!

I graduated, by wire as it were, with my class. It was a proud moment for me when Dad pushed my wheel chair up the platform where I received my diploma.

But graduation meant some sad farewells, too. As one after another went off to college in the fall, I had some bitter pills to swallow. Like them, I had dreamed of going to college. Now that was no longer possible. I kept looking ahead to vacations, when they all came back, sharing their good times with me.

Meanwhile, I had to decide what I would do with my life in a wheel chair. I talked it over with my friends, my parents, and my pastor at Mission's First Methodist Church. Believe me, there isn't much choice for a fellow in a wheel chair. I began taking magazine subscriptions and, since we live in a big citrus-producing area, I began what has proved to be a successful gift-fruit business. I operate an electric typewriter by a stylus held in my mouth. Now in my business, as well as my social life, I am meeting new friends all the time.

It has been eight years since I entered the hospital. My teen-age friends of those days are no longer teen-agers. I have reached voting age myself and can watch other teen-agers coming up. They're fine young people, too, just as willing to be kind and helpful as were my friends.

Teen-agers taught me something. Being whole in body is not the deciding factor in happiness. Had it not been for their cheerful conversation, their goodness and kindness, I don't believe I would have survived. They gave me something modern medicine could never give me. They gave themselves. They made my world a good world. They can help make your world a good one, too, if you will treat them with understanding, love, and trust.

Try it. Teen-agers are good risks.

So You're a Widow Now

By ERNA OLESON XAN

*In the quiet
of an Arctic sunrise
she found peace—and
new happiness.*

IT WAS my first trip without him. I was standing at the rail of a white ship far out in the Arctic Ocean, while the midnight sun's burnished disk shone in unearthly splendor. All our lives John and I had talked of seeing this wonder, yet here I stood, alone. As I watched the red-gold light sketching the wave's crest with fire, the sun began to rise; night had become morning. At that moment something happened—joy re-entered my heart. And you, too, if you are grieving, can be happy again.

Recovering a vibrant interest in life is not easy. It will take some doing on your part. There will be seven steps to climb. Back there at the fork of the road you parted from your husband. The roads will come together someday, but for awhile you will walk alone. You cannot spend this time in self-pity and mourning, for there are things to be done along the way. But first there are seven steps to a new happiness.

Step One—*Accept the Situation.* It is natural to give up in sorrow, or to rebel against fate, to weep until you are bowed down. But your beloved cannot come back. It is up to you to accept the situation.

Be patient with your tears as you go, for they are part of the healing process. It may take six months before the stunned feeling leaves you. But things will become better; they have for other widows.

Step Two—*Shift Your Dependence.* Of course, you depended upon your husband—your comforter, protector, provider, and guide. You leaned on him; now he is gone.

This is a terrifying thought, but there is a real answer. Pray that God will step into your life. Do you want the unbearable sting of sorrow taken out of your heart? He will send a healing balm that will soften the



grief. I cannot explain it. I only know he has done it for others, and for me.

Are you afraid? In God you have a real defender. Once on a dark night my car stalled near the top of a steep, deserted hill. Nothing I tried would start it; I hung suspended, held only by the hand brake. I upbraided myself for being in such a fix, but that did not start the car. I uttered a prayer. Almost before I had finished, lights rounded the bend and a car drew alongside. It held two of my oldest friends whom I had not seen for half a year. Coincidence? Not to one who has taken God as her defender.

ARE you afraid your money will run out? God knows that you need food, clothing, and shelter. I asked a poor widow once how she had managed to raise two children and put them through college. She replied, "Every time I came to a stone wall, there was a little hole to crawl through."

Yes, God can really take a husband's place. He has helped me to earn money and to conserve my resources. With him as your guide, you, too, can launch out on your new life with complete confidence.

Step Three—Take a Trip. If you stay where you are, the wound will be torn open every hour. It is only fair to your whole being to get away. Go see the farthest-off relative. But do your crying in private. Force yourself to enjoy things.

I was fortunate that my farthest-off relatives lived in Norway. The new sights and sounds were a healing diversion. Aside from this, there is an amusing facet to traveling a long distance: People take you for a much more important person than you are, for glamour hangs about a "faraway visitor." I was a heroine in Norway.

This trip dropped between me and my sorrow a beautiful curtain of memory. It made me see for the first time that I could have a portion of joy without the one I loved.

Step Four—Settle Down. The traveler's checks will get alarmingly low and you must turn toward home. What home? Where shall you settle down? Some widows have houses to go back to. I did not. I was thoroughly convinced that I must go back to the city where John and I had lived.

There were our friends, church, and the college where he had taught.

Some widows go to live with their children. If one is helpless, perhaps that is the only thing to do. For anyone with good health and even a small income, it is best to be independent.

A woman should never be separated from her kitchen. There are few joys in life greater than to clean house, bake, cook, and then see the children come running up the steps. Remember, they, too, have been bereaved.

Step Five—Get Something to Do. You cannot sit and twiddle your thumbs between their visits. Before you know it, you are standing in front of your husband's picture, crying again. Whether you need it financially, or not, go to work.

When my husband was alive, I was his confidential secretary. He called me a "humdinger." Who else I thought, would want a "humdinger" in bifocals? Here I was utterly mistaken. No less than nine positions were opened to me, everything from teaching in Africa to secretarial work for young doctors. It was bewildering, so I asked God what to do. The answer was not long in coming. I heard that the college alumni office was in desperate need of clerical help. It was just what I needed.

We widows have to watch something here. It is easy to slip into a rut of work and sleep. We must go to concerts and shows once in awhile, and have friends in for dinner. There must be a little time for reading and an occasional weekend vacation.

Everyone needs a hobby, too; widows most of all. Otherwise the evenings are lonesome. Some widows take up painting, others clay modeling or sewing. There must be something one cannot wait to get home to do.

Include "something for others" in this step. No one can live for herself alone and be content. When my husband died, I felt that my big work on earth was done. Now I would do what little things I could to make people happy. I asked God to show me where I would fit best.

The "little thing" that turned up was a group of teen-age girls in a missionary auxiliary. This, too, was what I needed. Had I not just raised a lively girl myself? It was soon

apparent that it was my job to implement their plans for helping people. If we studied the Indians, they wanted to make skirts for the girls to wear to church. At Easter, we must find clothes for 10 welfare children and give them an Easter egg hunt. They found the need; I helped put it across. It was like having my own daughter back again, multiplied by nine.

For them I had to take **Step Six—Improve the Personal Appearance.** You have to keep on your toes when you are out with teen-age girls, for a fat, slovenly widow has no influence. True, there is no one at home to give the wolf whistle when you dress up. But remember, you still bear your husband's name and can yet do it honor. Let nobody say, "All there was to her was him."

Step Seven—Make the Final Adjustment. I did not know it was there until I stumbled upon it. One day I was dusting my apartment and came upon John's portrait. As I looked at him, and he at me, a wonderful thing happened. All sense of affliction faded from me and something seemed to say, "This is a perfectly normal situation. One of us had to go ahead."

A normal situation—was that the final adjustment? Of course it was! Our marriage vow had foreseen it—"till death do us part." We are accustomed to thinking that only pleasant things are normal. But rainstorms are normal and have their place. So widowhood is a part of normal life and not a punishment. I thanked God that day that I, who could make a home alone, was the one that was left.

WHEN you have climbed these seven long steps, you will find yourself on a new plateau with wide and splendid vistas. There are exciting things in this new world. The children and grandchildren are there, for all living things are on the upward climb. Your women friends are there, and women can have good times together.

Best of all, you are a new person, for you have found that you can stand on your own two feet. Life has done its worst to you, and with God's help you have come through. Your midnight sun is close to dawning.

Three Historic Methodist Churches

L *Lovely Lane, Baltimore*



ONLY 175 years ago—on Christmas Eve, 1784, to be precise—leaders of Methodism in America met at a little meetinghouse in Baltimore (above) to organize their “societies” formally into a church. (A special issue of *TOGETHER* next November will commemorate that history-making event.) Here we tell the colorful story of three historic meetinghouses that played important roles in Methodism’s formative days.

Lovely Lane Church in Baltimore today bears no resemblance to the original. The modern church was designed by the famous architect Stanford White and critics acclaim it as the “purest example of ecclesiastical Etruscan architecture in the United States.” It was first used in 1886. Pastor of the church, on Saint Paul at 22nd Street, is the Rev. Kenneth Ray Rose.

All three churches, with their priceless relics of Methodism, might well be included by Methodists on any vacation tour of the Eastern Seaboard. All three are more than monuments to the past, more than museums housing cloistered Methodist treasures.

*Lovely Lane’s stone tower soars
165 feet above Baltimore’s row houses.*





Museum of Methodism: many Lovely Lane relics go back to the first circuit riders. It is especially rich in old diaries and journals.



Bishop James H. Straughn, retired, stands in the Strawbridge pulpit, believed oldest in the U. S. He's talking to Pastor Kenneth Rose.



Two centuries of Methodism separate Susan Rose, 4, from Francis Asbury, who once used this chair and table. With her is trustee E. Waugh Dunning, a descendant of pioneer Bishop Beverly Waugh.



Two years before John Street Church was built, Embury preached to neighbors in his home.

Three Historic Methodist Churches

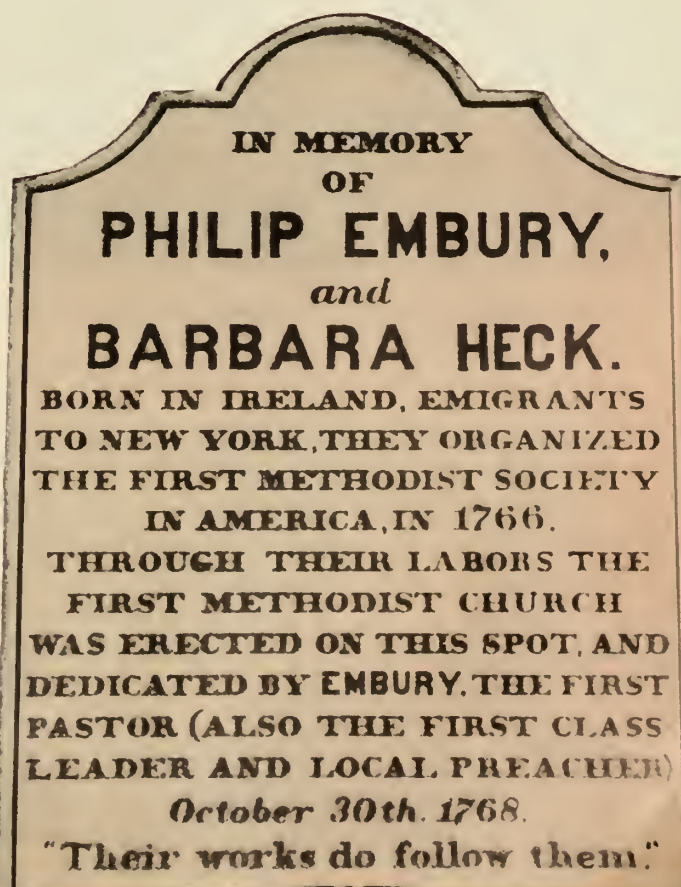
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John Street in Old New York

WHEN NEW YORK'S little Methodist society built the first church on John Street in 1768, the city had a population of only 15,000, almost half Dutch. To finance the building, the struggling group of Methodists needed help—and they got it. Preachers in England sent 50 pounds; Philadelphia Methodists—yet to have a church of their own—raised 32 pounds; Captain Thomas Webb, a British soldier who preached on alternate Sundays with Philip Embury, subscribed 600 pounds. Embury was virtually a one-man staff. Like several other early American Methodists, he came from Ireland, where he had been converted.

Time, and the inroads of the world's greatest concentration of steel and stone, have dwarfed—but not shouldered aside—the little church at 44 John Street, today near the heart of New York's financial district. The pastor, the Rev. Arthur Bruce Moss, genially welcomes visitors to the present structure, which was built in 1841 and has become one of Methodism's most beloved links to the past.

This plaque at John Street Church recalls Barbara Heck and her cousin, Philip Embury. It was her appeal to him that launched his American preaching career.





Old John Street, 1768, by Joseph Smith. From a painting owned by Miss Ethel Howell (reproduced from As You Pass By,

*Busy workers
find noon-hour
sanctuary in old
John Street Church.*



A REFUGE for quiet meditation and worship amid New York skyscrapers is the first Methodist-owned church property in the United States. Built 191 years ago and first known as Wesley Chapel, John Street Church is an extension of the work started in 1766 by Philip Embury, an Irish teacher, carpenter, and lay preacher. That year, too, colorful, one-eyed Captain Thomas Webb, sword across his Bible, preached in a hired room near the barracks where he served as an officer of the British Army. Later, Embury



(Dunshee). This painting is valued so highly for its historic interest that it was exhibited at the Brussels Fair.

and Webb preached on alternate Sundays in the structure of rough stones, backless seats, and high pulpit. Two buildings preceded the present one, but the pulpit Embury built for himself is still in use in the prayer room. Here, too, are found originals of rare paintings of John Wesley reproduced on the inside cover of this issue. Today the General Conference helps maintain old John Street Church, the only Methodist church so organized and controlled. For future generations it will remain "an open house of God."

Visitors see the Embury Bible and John Wesley's ancient clock.



3

St. George's, Philadelphia



St. George's and the "steel dragon": determined Methodists "moved a bridge" to save an historic church.



Methodist women once wore black bonnets, brought their own foot warmers to the church.



The long-handled collection plates of yore are still in use at old St. George's.

"WE KNOW that it is revered by many for its ...associations, but it should be cherished as a holy shrine to which Methodists from all over the world might go to worship; and the hand that would be raised to destroy it should be palsied."

Those are the words of the trustees of St. George's Church in Philadelphia, the oldest Methodist church in continuous service in the world. During its long history, St. George's has been menaced by fire at least twice. At one time a membership of 3,000 dwindled to 16. Factories moved in to replace residences. Then, in 1921, the church found itself in line with the approach site of the Delaware River bridge. Largely through the efforts of the late Bishop Thomas B. Neely, St. George's was spared again—by moving the approach site 14 feet!

Strangely enough, Methodists didn't build the church. They purchased the floorless shell of a church being erected by Dutch Presbyterians—who had run short of money.

There have been changes at St. George's, but care has been taken to perpetuate the edifice as it was when Bishop Francis Asbury termed it the "Cathedral of Methodism." A bill is before Congress to make St. George's surroundings a unit in the Independence National Historical Park. The present pastor of the church, at 235 N. Fourth Street—an easy taxi ride from most hotels—is the Rev. Frederick E. Maser.

A visitor spoke for many when she said: "I want to thank someone for maintaining this beautiful shrine." And one small boy put it this way: "I like this church. It is the only one I know that has a railroad running right by it!"

Old St. George's as it looked circa 1800. Water color by TOGETHER's Floyd A. Johnson.





OLD ST. GEORGE'S "shell of a church" had no steeple—which suited early Methodists, who didn't believe in steeples anyway. To this day, despite a host of changes, no steeple has ever been added.

Thousands of visitors worship here each year in the old church and stroll through its adjoining historical center, which houses 7,000 books and many manuscripts, as well as costumes and other articles reflecting its rich heritage. Here may be seen Methodism's oldest Communion chalice, Asbury's pulpit Bible, his spectacles, his razor, and the small pistol he used to defend himself from wild animals.

The old pulpit is not the original used by Asbury, but a replica erected on the exact spot where Asbury preached his first sermon in America on Monday evening, Oct. 28, 1771. It was copied from a pulpit in an Episcopal church where Philadelphia Methodists went for sacraments before Methodism in America was organized and had ordained ministers.

St. George's isn't far from Independence Hall and other shrines. Also nearby is the spot where George Whitefield preached to 15,000. Captain Webb preached here, too, playing an important part in the building and growth of this church, just as he did with New York's John Street. Ben Franklin passed here often and, on a hill two blocks away (now a filling station), conducted his storied experiment with a kite.

Through the years, St. George's has become a repository for many relics of other churches in the Philadelphia area. Here, Lottie Bennett polishes some of the Communion cups.

Standing before Francis Asbury's portrait, Janet Hall places his spectacles on Edward Williams' nose.



Parents Have Growing Pains, Too

A Together in the **Home** feature

By BEREN S. HALE



IT HURTS to let your child grow up. Our experience has been with our daughter, but it must be the same for those with sons. Every time Jane hit a snag we died a little. But we came to realize that unless we wanted to cripple her emotionally we had to let her be.

My lesson began when she brought home her fifth-grade report. What it added up to was that Jane was not working at her capacity; a parent-teacher conference was indicated.

I was in the headmistress' office next morning. I had, I told her testily, read books on child psychology, so it was obvious that Jane's insecurity must stem from her school environment.

The headmistress interrupted. "Here's something that may interest you." She handed me a confidential report from Jane's teacher. It hit me like a lash:

"Jane is a sensitive, intelligent child who is afraid to fall below the high standards set by her mother. The child consequently withdraws from academic and social activity. It

In her father's mind was one big question: Was she old enough to be married?

is not Jane but her domineering mother who is at fault."

My distress was obvious; to soothe it, the headmistress talked on. Our daughter was not just an extension of her father and me, she told me, but a person in her own right. She must have her own chance to find

out how interesting life can be—even if that meant a few stumbles.

You can't stop being a domineering mother overnight, but I made progress. In the ninth grade, when Jane changed schools and mysterious illnesses suddenly overcame her when it was time to leave the house,

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer

General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

● *Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?*

The Mating Game: Adult (—)

It is unfortunate that with the sympathy Debbie Reynolds has received in her recent difficulties she could not return to the screen in a better film. This one is filled with raw humor. Tony Randall is an income-tax agent who discovers that Debbie's father, Paul Douglas, has never filed a return. He descends on the farm with an evil glint in his eye—but it turns to a gleam of love for Debbie after some of Pa's likker.

Night of the Quarter Moon: Adult (—)

This is another film attempt to give dignity to the Negro race by defending the right of a white man to marry a Negro woman. It misfires. John Drew Barrymore, vacationing in Mexico, marries Julie London, a quadroon. His return to his fashionable mother, Agnes Moorehead, is marred by explosive headlines. Mother steps in to protect her boy by seeking an annulment, but a final act of heroism makes things right.

The Shaggy Dog: Family (+)

Walt Disney has gone to folklore—the belief that once humans could change to animals and back again—for his plot. This is the story of Tommy Kirk, who has come into possession of a magic ring which changes him into a shaggy dog. Tommy's father, Fred MacMurray, loves his son, but he's a mailman—and doesn't like dogs.

Sound and the Fury: Adult (—)

The decadent South is really decadent—according to William Faulkner, author of this story. Joanne Woodward is the illegitimate daughter of Margaret Leighton, a prodigal Southern belle who de-

serted her at birth. Joanne is lonely for someone, even merely to respect her. Yul Brynner, Margaret's half brother, has taken over the crumbling mansion and disintegrating family, and is trying ruthlessly to rebuild the former fortunes. Joanne finally discovers that the love she has been seeking can be found nearer at hand.

The Journey: Adult (+)

Any attempt to make a Russian officer interesting and understandable is not easy. However, Yul Brynner's portrayal of a major in charge of a check point during the Hungarian uprising is powerful. When the airport is closed, a plane's passengers are transferred to a bus bound for the border. However, they are stopped by Yul, whose eye is taken by Deborah Kerr, an English subject trying to smuggle a wounded Hungarian freedom fighter to safety. Yul delays the bus so he can woo Deborah—which doesn't please the other passengers.

The Hanging Tree: Adult (—)

The sadistic elements of this film are realistic and emotionally powerful. But since they seem to be presented primarily to please the authors and producers, they do not contribute any true value to the audience. Gary Cooper is a wandering doctor of the Old West. He rescues Maria Schell from near-fatal illness. She, in turn, rescues him from a lynch mob about to suspend him from the hanging tree.

Lonelyhearts: Adult (—)

The proof that sympathy, understanding, and truth can help overcome evil, suffering, and loneliness is presented here by emphasizing the unpleasant vices of sardonic humor, cynicism, and bitterness. Montgomery Clift is a reporter assigned to the lonely-hearts column. Here he learns that you can't believe all you read in the letters you get and that everyone has an angle. Meanwhile the editor learns to forgive his erring wife.

I did nothing! And sure enough, by the end of the second week she began to perk up. One night she came home, eyes shining. She'd been elected president. Her marks shot up, she had opinions to contribute to our family conversation—and she relished her stock of mossy jokes.

The years sped by. Jane got her first lipstick, her first real formal. Suddenly she was at college, and it seemed we hardly saw her. She became sophisticated, brittle, breezy. Then she met Bill. He was an Army veteran, shy and earnest. Now we had a gentler Jane home for weekends. And one day she told us she wanted to marry Bill.

All morning on her wedding day our daughter ran around in shorts and bare feet, helping the florist. My husband asked me worriedly: "Do you think she's really old enough to get married?" But when the hour for the service arrived, she was suddenly a radiant young woman in rose-point lace and ivory velvet.

The first dinner Jane served us in their own apartment was a delight to the eye. The table looked lovely. And though the beans were a bit burned and the roast underdone, to the cook's parents the food was still a miracle of achievement.

Then came the evening when Jane told us she was pregnant. My husband and I ached anew as we held back advice, help, and worry. Sometimes I wondered if Bill's pride as a provider was as important as the material things her father and I could give them. And then I would remember our own first year. The making of a baby is a miracle joining husband and wife and God, and no one must dim its radiance.

Jane went to the hospital on a Tuesday evening. Through that night, the next day, and the next night we waited. It was four in the morning when the doctor finally appeared.

"You have a son," he told Bill.

"Jane, how is Jane?" I croaked.

"Both are fine," he smiled. And, for the first time in my life, I fainted.

Later, amid the usual laughter, congratulations, and proud tears, my husband and I held hands. Though our daughter was a parent herself, we knew we would still go on growing—sometimes in pain, but always in love.

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS

ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

Prepared this 'Month of Martin' by the Presidents—each named Martin—
of two Methodist-related colleges and two universities.

JUNE 7

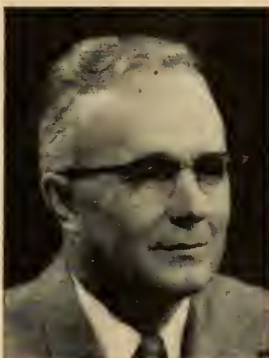
"Woe to him who builds his house by unrighteousness, and his upper rooms by injustice; who makes his neighbor serve him for nothing, and does not give him his wages."
—Jeremiah 22:13

PROPHETS are people. This period of personal struggles in the life of Jeremiah reveals a very human person. Anathoth, the home town, conspires against him. He knows it, but is as trustful as a "gentle lamb led to the slaughter" (Jeremiah 11:19). Jeremiah, asking God to listen, raises the question, "Should evil be repaid for good?" Following this up, the desperate prophet argues it out with God and asks: "Why does the way of the wicked prosper? Why do all who are treacherous thrive?" (Jeremiah 12:1.)

The reward of righteousness is the glory of being right. The reward of love is the thrill of loving. Goodness pays only in its own coin. On the other hand, the course of the evildoer runs out eventually, and he misses the point of life.

Jehoiakim lived in splendor amid the misery of his people. He amused himself by building expensive places. This system of inequity and oppression finally led to Jehoiakim's miserable death at 36, so little cared for that his body was cast aside without burial.

The prophets put emphasis on justice—the idea that wrongs done to one's neighbors are sins against God. Jeremiah was the one enlightened patriot in Jerusalem. It was his belief that Hebrew culture and destiny were bound up with the Jehovah faith and ideals. Who sat upon the throne mattered little. When social injustice, bribery, oppression of the poor, deceit, and luxury prevail, national doom is



B. Joseph Martin

S. Walter Martin



LeRoy A. Martin

inevitable. These evils were not only violations of laws or customs, they were offenses against God. Jehovah is the champion of right. Moral evil is a sin against him.

Evil is subjective as well as objective. Jeremiah makes the subjective factor primary. He preached that God tries the heart and the mind. The soul was the seat of moral values. Good and evil alike had their source in it. The threatened destruction of the land could be averted only by a radical change of character.

Prayer: God, our Father, grant unto thy people the power to live according to the moral law of thy universe. Amen.

—B. JOSEPH MARTIN, President
Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.



Stanley H. Martin

JUNE 14

He loves righteousness and justice; the earth is full of the steadfast love of the Lord.
—Psalms 33:5

BONARO W. OVERSTREET writes of a young mother and her small daughter who were on their way to the store. The mother,

efficient and purposeful, was walking rapidly. The daughter was following slowly.

It was spring. The warm sun struck a piece of stone flecked with mica. Fascinated, the little girl stopped to investigate and cried:

"Look, Mummy, the stone has stars!"

Impatiently, the mother responded, "Oh, for heaven's sake, come on. I can't be dragging along with you all day."

With all the tragedy in the

world—frustrations, failures, illnesses, inherent or acquired blindness, illustrated in Mrs. Overstreet's story—we also find beauty, goodness, adventure, ultimate to reach toward, and friendships revealing enriching loyalties.

Education and religion join hands at many points, and none more creatively than keeping alive our sense of wonder and thankfulness for God's goodness.

Fortunate is the person who at 10, 22, 55, and at 70 is thankful for having been born into a world of God's goodness and never loses his awareness that "the earth is full of the steadfast love of the Lord."

Prayer: O God, lover of goodness and justice, source of their reality in our world, we are thankful for the stars in their mystery and majesty, for minds which extend thy purposes in human life, for beauty all about us. Keep alive in us the certainty that these things which make life abundant come from thee, and that we grow in spirit as we live by the gratitude in our hearts for thy great goodness to us. In the name of Christ. Amen.

—LEROY A. MARTIN, *President-elect University of Chattanooga Chattanooga, Tenn.*

JUNE 21

"Now then, let the fear of the Lord be upon you; take heed what you do, for there is no perversion of justice with the Lord our God, or partiality, or taking bribes."—2 Chronicles 19:7

THROUGH several generations, bribery had been a common practice in the courts of Israel and Judah. Justice had become lax. Then Jehoshaphat, the great political-religious leader and judicial reformer, gave instructions on his judges' conduct. We might paraphrase this admonition by saying:

"Whatever you may think ought to be done, you are to make your decisions in accordance with the law of God. You administer justice; you do not define it. Likewise, justice always is impartial; it knows no favorites. You must never seek a reward for yourself."

The Lord's demands were to be uppermost in the minds of the judges when decisions were made.

By this wise counsel, Jehoshaphat hoped to spare his judges the

travail and pain which his own mistakes already had cost his nation. He had unsuccessfully waged battle in alliance with his wicked neighbor Ahab, king of Israel, against the Syrians. Their combined armies had been defeated. Ahab had been slain. Jehoshaphat himself had barely escaped to Jerusalem with his life. The seer, Jehu, in the name of God, had pointed out to Jehoshaphat his lesson: No man can expect help from God in support of the ungodly. Even a king must be judged by the moral worth of his companions. Jehoshaphat thus relieved his judges of showing partiality. One standard, that of fairness and justice, was to apply to all.

Christian democracy upholds the basic principle of fair play and good government. In business or professional contacts, Jehoshaphat's rule still holds good. Dishonesty, bribery, or even partiality has no place in our dealings with other people where justice is in the balance. Good relations with others require fair treatment.

Today nations and societies compete with one another for power in the diversity of their legal standards as well as in the marts of trade, in the laboratories of science, and on the battlefields. But the only law that is truth and right is the law of God.

As human beings, we have weaknesses. The one which Jehoshaphat talks about is one which we must be victorious over if we are to follow the Christian way.

The law of the Lord is perfect and its proper execution eventuates in more than justice; it leads to conversion of the hearts of men.

Prayer: Our Father, make us mindful of thy great laws of justice and fairness in our everyday life. Forgive us for our negligence in this relationship with our fellow man. May our hearts and minds be filled with thy love and goodness in all our decisions affecting those about us. Amen.

—S. WALTER MARTIN, *President Emory University, Atlanta, Ga.*

JUNE 28

"For the lips of a priest should guard knowledge, and men should seek instruction from his mouth, for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts."—Malachi 2:7

DR. WILLIAM L. STIDGER, the late educator and writer, observed many interesting customs during his lifetime, but one of the most intriguing related to Thanksgiving.

On that day he would write letters of appreciation to two or three people who had influenced his life most favorably that year. In this way he said "thank you" and in so doing, exemplified the spirit of gratitude that is so essential to the Christian way.

The church in its teaching ministry contributes so much to our lives that we, too, need to say "thank you." The lessons taught make us more aware of the Lord of hosts and bring us into a fullness of life.

In our childhood, it is the church and its ministry that give us an insight into God's creative world, an appreciation of his presence, and a true sense of belonging. In our youth, it is the church and its ministry that hold before us the challenge of a life of service and the importance of personal qualities, such as honesty, integrity, and purity.

In adulthood, it is again the church and its ministry that teach us understanding, co-operation, and social responsibility, and give us a sense of unity. In our declining years, it is the church and its ministry that teach us confidence, hope, and security, and provide an awareness of life everlasting.

From the beginning to the end, it is the church and its ministry that nurture and sustain the best. And for this we must say "thank you." Surely without the church and its ministry, life would be barren. Let us then seek instruction from his mouth, for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts.

Prayer: Almighty and everlasting God, we are grateful for thy church and its teaching ministry. Let thy truth work its miracle in our lives, inspire us to noble achievements, and unite us in one great fellowship of love. Where there is doubt, teach certainty; where there is fear, teach courage; where there is despair, teach hope. Enlighten our minds and inspire those who teach with a sense of thine abiding presence so that all may share in the kingdom of Christ. Amen.

—STANLEY H. MARTIN, *President West Virginia Wesleyan College Buckhannon, W.Va.*

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

Q My father died when I was three. My mother married again. My stepfather insisted I use his last name and I'm enrolled in school that way. Recently my mom divorced my stepfather. Can I go back to my real name now?—J.M.

A Did your stepfather legally adopt you? If not, you can resume your real name. Ask your mother to go with you to discuss this with your principal. Follow his advice.

Q I'm a girl of 14 and small for my age. My half brother is 19. He weighs over 200 pounds. He kicks me around—and I mean really kicks. My father is overseas. My brother says he's my boss. My mother says he is wrong, but she doesn't stop him. Last night he knocked me down and tromped on me with his heels. I'm bruised all over. Will anyone protect me?—H.V.

A Talk with a woman worker in your county probation office. Show her your bruises and ask her to investigate. Don't delay.

Q I love a girl of 15 and she loves me. Her father thinks I'm bad. He wouldn't let me come to their house so we met in a park. A week ago he set a trap and had me arrested. The next day I was released, but the judge told me to stay away from my girl. My dad says I must obey the judge. Do you think so, too?—C.D.

A Yes.

Q I led a discussion at school on making out. The teacher said a national survey of teen-agers' attitudes revealed that over three fourths of us think making out is OK. About half of us think that when we're with a person we love we needn't hold any-



Charles M. Schulz, © 1958, Gospel Trumpet Co.

"These are perfect attendance pins . . . Sunday school, Youth Fellowship, Youth Leader Training, Men's Brotherhood, Youth Work Night, Men's Work Night, Youth Missions, Youth Recreation, Vacation School, Bible Camp, Youth Bible Camp, City Youth Camp, County Youth Camp, State Youth Camp, International Youth Camp, and Choir Practice. . . . I haven't been home in three months!"

thing back. I'm shocked. Surely we teen-agers aren't that bad.—M.A.

A I know the survey. It concentrated on socialite kids in a few large cities. They don't represent all teen-agers. Other studies aren't so alarming. However, the trend probably is in the wrong direction. Only our church groups of young people seem to be living up to Christian standards.

Q I'll graduate with high grades next June. I work part time as a TV repairman. My boss has offered

me a permanent, full-time job. I'd earn almost as much as my father. My parents want me to go to college. Under these circumstances, why should I?—W.Y.

A One reason is that you'll earn more with a college degree than without one—probably over \$100,000 more, during your lifetime. Another reason is your own personal development. With a college education, you'll probably live a richer, happier life. If you are qualified, go to college.

Q I've been writing to an American girl living in Europe. We've never met. She asked me if we could consider ourselves as going steady. She said it would mean no dates with others. I don't think I should agree. Do you?—A.K.

A No. Continue to write, but each of you needs a normal social life. Don't shut yourselves off from dates.

Q I'm 17. My married sister is 19. She thinks her marriage gives her the right to boss me. She lives next door and yaks at me day and night. Dad says to ignore her; Mom says to obey her. What do you say?—S.W.

A Can you have a family conference? Ask your dad to help your mother see your problem. I'd say your sister's marriage doesn't give her authority over you.

Q I'm 16 and thinking of a stage career. I sing with a dance band on a local TV program. I think I could make good. However, I'm a sincere Christian. I haven't met a single practicing Christian in show business. Could I keep my religion and have a stage career?—T.E.

A Probably you'd have fewer temptations in another occupation, but there are good Christians in show business. They prove it can be done. If your faith is strong enough, you can too.

Q I'm 13, big for my age, and the oldest of six children. When it comes time to clean house or iron clothes my parents expect me to work like an adult. When I ask permission to have a date they say I'm a child. They say other girls of 13 don't have



Do you really read?

By ROY L. SMITH

IF the basic principle of frequent repetition helps sell soap and cars, it should be equally useful in implanting religious convictions and spiritual techniques in the soul of man.

Henry Drummond, the Scottish scientist and theologian, wrote a classic *The Greatest Thing in the World*, a commentary on Paul's immortal 13th chapter of I Corinthians.

In describing how this ode to love took possession of his mind and soul, he said he had read it at least once every day through a three-month period. Many times, in the course of that experience, he spent half an hour or more thinking about a particular line or phrase. As he did, new facets of truth enriched his thinking.

The immensely popular little book, then, was not the result of a flash of inspiration. Instead, it represented a series of great ideas that had slowly matured. Every word, phrase, sentence, and conclusion had been considered with infinite care. And this, too, is inspired writing.

I had something of the same experience years ago in reading the fourth chapter of John's Gospel. For some reason, I decided to read the story of the woman at the well every day for a month. Encouraged by the results, I read it again and again. A year later I again read it every evening for a month. And I found myself discovering new aspects of its great meaning—aspects which had never occurred to me in earlier readings. The total contribution to my life was something eternal.

There is a long list of great scriptural passages which could be employed in this fashion by anyone

interested in deepening his spiritual life. There is the familiar 23rd Psalm, for example. Most of us know it by heart. But try reading it every day for a month. Study the implications of each word. Emphasize each word in turn, so as to get every possible shade of meaning.

Then there is the great 14th chapter of John's Gospel, the 12th chapter of Romans, the 5th chapter of Matthew, or the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. There are others which would serve just as well.

The important thing is to read the passage repeatedly. Don't repeat it from memory—read it from the printed page.

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale tells of people who have taken a new hold on life by quoting incisive words from the Bible 20 or more times a day. This is an extremely wholesome exercise which has the effect of stabilizing faith. Many a man has been started off on a new day with a note of victory by quoting the familiar words of the Psalmist, "This is the day which the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it." Such quotations, however, do not usually open the mind and soul to new truths.

But even half an hour spent with a great chapter, during which each sentence is carefully scrutinized and the mind opened to the suggestions of the Holy Spirit, will deepen and enrich all of life. Entirely new concepts are born under such circumstances.

Try it. Pick out a great chapter of the Bible—one that ministers to your own soul. Then read it every day. Read it until it has become a part of your being. See what happens!

dates. That's true, but they are smaller than I. My parents won't even let me go to church with a boy. Do you call that fair?—D.D.

A Nearly all parents expect more of their first-born than of their other children. In a few neighborhoods nearly all girls of 13 have dates. However, in most places few of them do. I would not call your parents unfair.

Q Sometimes when I'm bored in class I write letters to myself. Two days ago I lost one of my letters. Another girl found it. She read it aloud and handed it to my boy friend. In the letter I used some swear words. I'm not proud of what I said. My boy friend told me he thought less of me since reading it. What can I do?—M.B.

A Don't write any more such letters. Avoid profanity in your thinking as well as your speaking and writing. Try to be the nice girl your friends expect you to be. As you succeed, they'll forget the letter.

Q I don't understand my girl friend. She is 14. I'm 16. We're together at school and at parties, but she tells me not to come to her house. She says she's getting tired of me. Yet she also says she loves me. How can you tire of a person you love?—R.S.

A Call her feeling a crush that is cooling off, not love. Better do as she suggests.

Q My friends say my dad is an all-right guy, but he makes me slip. When I bring friends home he tries to entertain them. He dances around the room like a kid. He tells impossible stories about what he did as a boy. How can I make him stop embarrassing me?—C.R.

A Nearly all teen-agers feel apologetic about their dads. Your friends' opinions of him are more accurate than yours. Talk with your mother. She can help you understand.

PUZZLED TEENS need only tell Dr. Barbour their problems and he will help them find the right path. Write him c/o TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Names and addresses are confidential.—Eds.



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Barnabas

Looks at New Books



FOR NEARLY a generation, highly trained investigators have been warning that a tightly knit underworld, complete with enforcement arms and international ties, is operating throughout the U.S. And, generally speaking, their words have fallen on deaf ears. What Americans don't see, it would appear, they don't believe.

In the last few years, though, a tiny ray of light has broken through. The Kefauver Committee, banking in large part on leads from newspapermen, first brought some of these operations into wide public view. Subsequent Congressional committees have done more spadework. But so much more remains to be done before Mr. and Mrs. America will realize that they pay underworld tribute almost every day of their lives that the task looks nearly hopeless.

Now, though, another blow has been struck for the forces of decency. **Frederic Sondern, Jr.**, a roving editor of *Reader's Digest*, has penned *BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL: THE MAFIA* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, \$3.95), a study of the racketeering fraternity in action. Names long familiar to big-city newspaper readers—Frank Costello, Lucky Luciano, Vito Genovese, Joe Adonis, and a host of others—stride across these pages in sinister profusion. Here is the Mafia in this country, with its stranglehold on many lucrative rackets—and on a surprising array of legitimate businesses.

But there is more to organized crime than the Mafia, evil and powerful though it is. There are top-echelon gangsters who are not *mafiosi*, but who wield equal influence. And there are those law-enforcement officers and politicians who close their eyes—or more—to syndicate operations.

Mr. Sondern is optimistic. He feels the decline of the Mafia may be in sight. I would like to believe him. At any rate, this book makes exciting and illuminating reading, especially for those who make the mistake of thinking organized crime does not affect them.

I thought *THE GOLDEN COAST* by **Harnett T. Kane** (Doubleday, \$5) would be a travel book. Instead, it's a warm, affectionate portrait of the American Gulf Coast and its people—from the Florida Keys to the Rio Grande.

James Ricau's lens was ready when this porpoise leaped for his dinner at the Theater of the Sea in the Florida Keys.

Kane's anecdotes are handsomely augmented by James Ricau's sparkling black and white photographs of glamorous New Orleans and the gracious Old South of Biloxi, Gulfport, Pascagoula, and Pass Christian, the Latin world of Tampa and Key West, Sarasota—where the woman next door may hang spangled circus tights on the clothesline—and the mushrooming cities of the Texas coast.

Mrs. Barnabas has been reading **Brian O'Brien's** hair-raising biography of Mary Slessor, the wee Scottish missionary who opened up more of West Africa to trade and civilization than the British Empire had been able to do in 100 years.

SHE HAD A MAGIC (Dutton, \$4) is no book for the lily-livered. Mary Slessor lived among natives who believed in human sacrifice, trial by ordeal, witchcraft, torture, and the superstitious slaughter of twins. In spite of her fear of poisonous snakes and wild animals, she walked barefoot through the jungle to nurse the sick, rescue the victims of native taboos, and even stop tribal wars.

But women are strange creatures. This indomitable soldier of Christ was so shy back in her native Scotland that when the United Presbyterian Church arranged for her to talk to a group she refused to say a word as long as there were any men present!

The essence of America's greatness may be found in *CHRONICLE OF A GENERATION* (Harper, \$4.50). This is the autobiography of a greathearted public citizen, **Raymond B. Fosdick**.

His name is not so well known as that of his brother, Harry Emerson Fosdick, minister of New York City's Riverside Church and author of many books. But Raymond Fosdick's 13 years as president of the Rockefeller Foundation, ending with his retirement in 1948, capped a career that spanned two world wars and was intimately connected with the central personalities, issues, and events of this century. You'll find he tells his story with grace and humor, and it is rich with his convictions about mankind's future.

There's been a big boom in books on art recently. And it's no wonder when publishers tempt us with such magnificent volumes as *20 CENTURIES OF GREAT EUROPEAN PAINTING* (Sterling, \$20)!

This book is well worth the bit of scrimping and saving it might take to add it to the family library. For those new to art appreciation it can be a painless and exciting introduction. The art enthusiast will be interested in the choice of paintings that exemplify movements and painters; they've all been

selected with imagination and taste.

The book was compiled by German scholars **Hilgard Keller** and **Bodo Cichy** under the editorship of **M. Dasio**. It was printed in Europe, with 104 excellent full-color reproductions of fine paintings and 300 black-and-white illustrations.

Not for quick perusal is **AN ANTHROPOLOGIST AT WORK** (Houghton Mifflin, \$6), though author **Margaret Mead** adds her own brilliance to some writings of Ruth Benedict to make anthropology a live and absorbing subject.

Keen insight is found throughout, but especially in the chapters on symbolism, race prejudice, child rearing, and the natural history of war.

Why did 21 of the Americans taken prisoner in the Korean War elect to remain with the enemy? Why was collaboration so widespread that one out of every three captive GIs was known to have aided the Reds? Why was the prisoner mortality rate higher than in any other war in which this country has taken part? And why did no American escape from the Chinese Communists?

These were disgraces that had never occurred before. They stunned all of us and they set the Army to making a five-year study to find out why. **Eugene Kinkead** interprets this study in a book that lays bare a failure in which we all must share. **IN EVERY WAR BUT ONE** (Norton, \$3.75) presents an ugly picture, but it speaks in specifics that strip the mystery from the techniques of the Chinese Reds and point the way clearly to the steps the Defense Department has taken to prevent Americans from giving such a sorry account of themselves again.

There are steps, however, that the Defense Department cannot take alone. One has to do with the inability of the men to adjust to the primitive conditions of prison life.

Equally important, Kinkead was told, is the lack of "the kind of religion that touches a man inside and causes him to act, however dark the situation, as an ethical, fearless human being."

Flora Lewis is a first-rate reporter, and she undoubtedly didn't intend to give the first chapters of **A CASE HISTORY OF HOPE** (Doubleday, \$3.95) the slow, textbookish quality they have. That she did, however, speaks for her sensitivity to her subject, for they deal with the drabness and deadly dullness of life in Poland in the years following World War II.

The tempo quickens as she begins to tell about the World Youth Festival in Warsaw in 1955. Delegates from the Western World brought a breath of

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If you're touring the United States this summer—or wish you were—these books will add perspective to your travels in this always exciting land of ours.

Grand Canyon: Today and All Its Yesterdays, by **Joseph Wood Krutch** (*William Sloane*, \$5)—how nature has sculptured one of the world's greatest wonders.

American Heritage Book of Great Historic Places, edited by **Bruce Catton** (*Simon and Schuster*, \$12.50, *de luxe* \$14.50)—significant spots we can visit today.

Washington Holiday, by **Eleanor Early** (*Prentice-Hall*, \$3.95)—tour of the nation's capital spiced with stories of its past, its tradition, its scandals.

Enjoying America's Gardens, by **Joan Parry Dutton** (*Reynal*, \$5)—grand pilgrimage to gardens and flowering areas throughout the U.S., packed with garden lore.

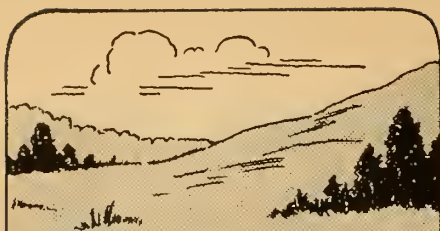
The Peninsula, by **Louise Dickinson Rich** (*Lippincott*, \$4.50)—gay, warmhearted portrait of the people of a Maine peninsula and how they live.

Moonlight at Midday, by **Sally Carrigher** (*Knopf*, \$6.50)—the story of the real Alaska, its people, its off-the-track places, its glaciers, its mountains.

River World, by **Virginia S. Eifert** (*Dodd, Mead*, \$4)—the wildlife of the Mississippi, from the ice of the North to the steaming bayous of the South.

Our Land, Our People, by the *Editors of Look Magazine* (*Prentice-Hall*, \$4.95)—150 stirring photos of America and her people from *Look's* 20-year collection.

A Guide to Early American Homes (South), by **Dorothy and Richard Pratt** (*McGraw-Hill*, \$6.95)—historic homes from Maryland to Arkansas, Missouri to Tennessee.



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Publisher of THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE

fresh air from around the Iron Curtain, and it was heady tonic to the Poles. Polish youths began to ask questions and speak their minds. And their revolt spread rapidly to the intellectuals, then to all Poland.

Miss Lewis' account of this uprising is skillful reporting in depth. If you'll be patient with its first chapters you'll find this *CASE HISTORY* a brilliant explanation of how unrest develops in Communist-controlled countries.

The years when we're rearing our families, doing our most productive work, and playing our most active community roles should be our years of greatest fulfillment. Instead, we're too often torn between our constant preoccupation with security and our basic awareness of our potential for a mature, creative life.

In *THE CREATIVE YEARS* (Seabury, \$3.50) one of America's outstanding counselors in personal relationships, **Reuel L. Howe**, sets forth a mature faith for adult life. It's a wise and helpful book, without a dull page or ponderous passage.

A 12th-century book, *The Helmarhausen*, acquired in London 10 years ago for \$39,000, sold for \$109,000 in 1958. News about such sales sets countless people to looking through their old books to see if they possess treasures unaware.

In the main, there are two dominant types of valuable books on the American collector's market today, says **Van Allen Bradley** in *GOLD IN YOUR ATTIC* (Fleet, \$3.95). They are Americana and the first editions of important books or important authors.

GOLD IN YOUR ATTIC is a useful reference for either the expert or the casual collector of rare old books and limited first editions. And if you should plan to go exploring in your attic, I can't think of a better guide.

Many official records on the atomic bomb may never be released. But from the information now available **Michael Amrine** has written a tense, absorbing history of the bomb in terms of the men who had to decide if, and how, it should be used on Japan.

In *THE GREAT DECISION* (Putnam's, \$3.95) Amrine tells the story day by day from the moment President Truman learned of the bomb's existence until it was exploded over Hiroshima 116 days later. Truman, of course, was the man with whom the ultimate decision rested.

Should the bomb have been used on Japan without warning, or without a demonstration on uninhabited territory to help the enemy understand what it meant? Amrine says no. All these qualifications were urged by many scientists, but in the press of

events they were neither properly heard nor fully understood.

I wish *THE HUCKSTER'S REVENGE* (Nelson, \$3.95) had been a better book. **Fred Manchee** wrote it as an answer to the rash of recent books attacking advertising. Technically he's well qualified to do this. Until lately he was executive vice-president of one of the world's largest advertising agencies. But he tries too hard, and the contrived format is unfortunate. It's too bad, for the advertising business has a real story to tell—and it's time somebody told it.

As pastor of Washington's New York Avenue Presbyterian Church and chaplain of the U.S. Senate, **Peter Marshall** was one of the world's best-known, best-loved preachers. [Remember his *Prayer*, December, 1956, page 30?]

He was convinced that "no man can look at Jesus of Nazareth and remain the same," and the heart of his preaching was to make sure that the people in his congregations really saw Christ.

Now his wife, Catherine, has drawn on the manuscripts of his Easter sermons to re-create each scene of the



Mary Magdalene whispers, "Rabboni!" when she recognizes the risen Christ.

Crucifixion and the Resurrection as he described them. The result is *THE FIRST EASTER* (McGraw-Hill, \$3.50), an exciting, reverent book with powerful illustrations by William Hoffman.

A *SOUTHERN MODERATE SPEAKS* (University of North Carolina Press, \$3.50) tells the story of Little Rock's school crisis in the words of the man who tried to bring Arkansas Governor Faubus and the federal government to an understanding that would prevent the use of troops. **Brooks Hays** failed to do so, and he also was defeated for re-election to Congress by a write-in



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translated by J. B. Phillips

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campaign shortly after. His book expresses his unwavering conviction, however, that sectional conflicts can be harmonized and the national interest conserved through an appeal to reasonableness on both sides.

All his life a devoted church worker (he now is president of the Southern Baptist Convention), he predicts, "In the last analysis, it will be the churches and the local community organizations that will provide solutions to the problem of civil rights."

If you've visited the Chicago Temple or listened to the Methodist Men's Hour, broadcast over 400 radio stations, you'll need no introduction to **Charles Ray Goff**. He's been minister of the skyscraper Methodist church in Chicago since 1942 and now is Methodist Men's Hour speaker. [You may remember his *Love at Second Sight*, January, 1957, page 17.]

With warmth, reverence, and simplicity, Dr. Goff now has written a much-needed little book on the meaning and value of the Lord's Supper.



Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA,
THE METHODIST CHURCH

I AM SOMETIMES annoyed by reviewers who are supposed to be telling us something about a book, but really use the review as a means of giving us their personal opinions. There is a place for sharing one's own thoughts, it is true, but a book reviewer ought to give us some idea about the quality of another man's efforts. This confession is made here because I intend to do what I have just said ought not to be done.

I should like to draw your attention to only one novel this month: **SPARTACUS** by Howard Fast (Crown, \$3.95). This book was first published in 1951 but has been reissued and I am only catching up with it at this late hour. It is a novel about the great gladiator and slave revolt in Rome. At one particular moment, Spartacus and his fellow gladiators decided they had had all they could bear. They revolted and for several years held off

INVITATION TO COMMUNE (Abingdon, \$1.75) will help readers achieve the spiritual blessing and refreshment Communion is meant to give.

Bonnie Barnabas, at 16, is interested in careers. She and her mother have long talks about the advantages of being an airline stewardess, a teacher, a secretary, or a home economist. And she has been consulting me about the possibilities offered by newspapers and magazines.

Of course, Bonnie hopes to get married and have a family, but girls today take it for granted they'll probably work before they're married and, quite possibly, afterward. That's why she and her mother and I have all been reading **YOUR VOCATIONAL ADVENTURE** by **Jesse C. Burt** (Abingdon, \$2.95 cloth, \$1.65 paper). This is an up-to-date guide for selecting your career that tells how to analyze your interests and capabilities, what the broad job possibilities are in various fields, and what education is needed for different jobs.

—BARNABAS

or destroyed the best of the Roman legions. When, because of sheer weight of numbers, they were finally defeated, 6,000 slaves were crucified.

What the book is saying to us is essentially that no man can be used as "a talking tool" forever. There is a center of dignity and divinity at the heart of the human soul that can never be extinguished. When God made man in his image, he made it impossible for any group of people to tyrannize over any other group forever. Rome did its best to deny this and it became proficient in putting men in chains. If they failed, there is much more reason to believe that every such effort must fail today.

I have just returned from a two-month visit to Africa and I found that there is boiling underneath the surface everywhere, and in some places out in the open, a coming revolt of men

who have been treated as things. It is appearing with amazing speed.

Like the Romans of old, vast numbers of the ruling forces are trying to deny the reality of the movement or stamp it out through the usual methods of arrest and violence. But they will not succeed and we might as well realize that colonialism in Africa is on its way out.

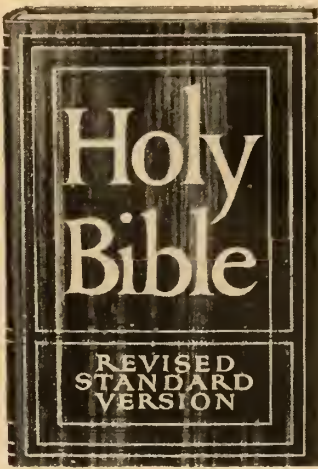
In some places the colonial governments are trying to compromise and postpone the evil day. In other places they have decided to clamp the lid down even tighter. Their attitude is much the same as that of Rehoboam, Solomon's son and successor. You will recall that although he had been counseled to ease up the grievous burden on the people, his reply was finally, "My father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions." The only result in such cases must be a terrifying revolution in which many innocent people will suffer.

In all of this, where does the Church stand? I am happy to report that The Methodist Church is deeply rooted in the life of the people. We have been careful not to become involved politically in these situations since we are, after all, visitors from another land. I think the people feel that Methodist missions are concerned above everything else with their welfare. Precisely because we are not officially associated with the colonial governments, we shall be in a position to serve in places where the Catholic Church may find the door shut.

One sometimes wishes that the turmoil and struggle of revolution could cease. There will be dark and terrible times ahead in Africa. And yet, as we take the long look, we must rejoice that it becomes increasingly clear that all men demand a recognition of their status as free persons. For if we do not believe this we have no right to preach the Gospel. When men learn about being God's sons and brothers of the Lord Jesus Christ, they will demand freedom. To that extent, we may be blamed for what is happening in Africa and around the world. Personally, I think this is the sure sign that we are instruments in the hands of God to perform his will and that through our missions he speaks his word of inspiration and comfort to all the oppressed.

I was never prouder of my church than when I was in Africa. I was never more certain that the missionary enterprise is the most hopeful thing in all the world than when I came down through the Belgian Congo. The immediate future has many problems, but the long future is bright with the promise of chains being broken.

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Up From the Nickelodeon!

By RICHARD C. UNDERWOOD

*Making movies these days is a snap.
But are your techniques outdated?*

THOSE FAMILIAR vacation bywords, "Hold it!" are passé in thousands of families these days as camera fans shift from snapshots to movies. Nobody needs to "hold it" for a movie!

Why this shift? First of all, nothing can beat movies for recording the charm of children and the fun of a family's being together. Movies capture the flavor of special occasions; they preserve the vacation's magic moments as snapshots rarely can. Then, too, mass production and technical breakthroughs have made movie making easier and less expensive than ever. For example, new "electric eye" cameras automatically adjust to changing light conditions. All the photographer normally has to do is take aim and push a button.

Yes, taking home movies has become amazingly simple—*deceptively* simple, in fact. For to film a good movie isn't as easy as it looks.

Remember the old-time nickelodeons? Thousands sprang up soon after movies were introduced because everyone wanted to see the marvelous new illusion of movement on a screen. Early film makers weren't concerned with plot or continuity; just showing movement was enough to entertain an audience.

How times have changed! Today's professional movies (there are exceptions!) have unity, balance, purpose, and are pleasing to watch. Can you say the same for your movie-making efforts? Or are you still in the nickelodeon era, taking unrelated "moving snapshots" that have no meaning, no continuity, and no interest to anyone but you?

This quick quiz should answer that question:

- Do you really know your camera and the film you use?

- Is your camera always with you, ready to shoot?

- Do you catch people at their natural, spontaneous best?

- Do you hold your camera still while shooting?

- Do you make a shooting script in advance?

- Have you tried any new camera tricks lately?

Just one "no" can make a lot of difference. But improving your movies is easy. Here are some tips:

Know Your Tools. Even the most expensive camera is valueless if improperly operated. Start with a simple camera, master it, then—and only then—consider moving up a notch. Don't test a new camera on a vacation trip. Get acquainted with it at home first, so you won't blunder while photographing people you seldom see and places you may never visit again.

The same thing goes for film. If you want to try various types, do it before your trip. Then pick one you like and stick with it. Study that film's instruction slip. If you follow its recommendations, you shouldn't have any trouble.

Relax. A common fault of home movies is shakiness. Let your subjects do the moving—you hold still! Hold your camera comfortably but firmly—against your cheekbone is good. If you have a tripod, use it whenever possible (always for telephoto shots). To take pictures from moving vehicles, use your body as a shock absorber. Keep your elbows against your sides; don't brace the camera or your arms against any part of the vehicle. Dirty windows? You'll just be wasting film unless you clean them first.

Don't Be Greedy. Avoid cluttered scenes. Keep out unnecessary elements



Here's a series of pictures showing the lively, story-telling quality your movies can have—if you'll shoot from a preplanned script and follow the other tips in the accompanying text. This sequence records a young family's departure on a vacation trip. Note

and shoot against simple backgrounds, especially on portraits. The worst type of greediness is horizontal panning—sweeping the camera from side to side to grab a bigger chunk of picture. Instead, shoot two or three overlapping shots of the same scene. If you must pan sideways, use a pan-head tripod for support and freeze the opening and closing scenes at least three seconds each. Hollywood cameramen, you'll notice, pan infrequently—and then always with a special, geared tripod for smoothness. Vertical panning, however, is not so objectionable if it is done by

the cameraman slowly and infrequently. **Don't Let People Act.** Photograph people as they are, not as they think they are. Aim for spontaneity and informality. If your subjects are self-conscious, let them get accustomed to you and your camera before you take any pictures. Then watch for typical gestures, expressions, and movements—things that make any home-movie sequence something special. Incidentally, it's usually best to avoid taking a lot of pictures of vacation acquaintances you'll never see again. A certain amount for flavor, yes—but as a rule, concen-

trate on sequences of your family, friends, and relatives. Their pictures retain your interest after repeated showings, and will grow in value as the years pass.

Don't Be a Tripod. Getting a good movie often requires more action off the screen than on—but between scenes, not while shooting. Always be alert for good shooting positions based on what you think will happen next. Don't overlook the dramatic possibilities of close-ups and low-angle camera positions (combine the two for wonderful pictures of children). Above all, don't be satisfied to stand in one spot and grind away at every picture situation from eye level.

Take Five. Generally, no single scene should run less than five seconds—or more than 15. Too many amateurs film two or three-second bursts which flash on and off the screen too fast for subjects to be recognized. The other extreme is almost as bad; average situations rarely warrant over 15 unbroken seconds of filmed action. More than that usually means repetition and boredom—but there are exceptions.

Accessories Can Help. High-quality movies are being made with the simplest of cameras. But certain extras, properly used, can help improve your pictures and allow filming under unusual conditions. For instance:

Tripod—Easy-to-carry, light-weight models which allow panning sell for around \$15.

Exposure meter—"Direct reading" models, easy to use, cost less than \$10. However, if you also own a still camera having variable shutter speeds, it would be best to get a more versatile meter which can conveniently be used with either camera.

Extra lenses—Complete, interchangeable models are expensive luxuries, best suited for advanced amateurs. But "supplementary" lenses, which slip over the regular lens to allow closer-range photography, are an inexpensive way of making any camera more versatile.

Filters—Color movies shot under overcast skies or in the shade tend to have a blue cast. A skylight filter remedies that—as well as hazy mountain scenes and those shot from a plane. Conversion filters allow you to shoot indoor (tungsten-light) film outdoors if necessary—and the reverse, although it is less recommended. Travel tip: If you're going by tinted-window train, bus, or plane, ask in advance what filters you'll need for taking natural-color pictures through the windows. Proper filters make the difference!

Keep this in mind about accessories: They're luxuries which, besides being expensive, can be extra burdens on a vacation trip. So don't buy any unless you're sure of using them—and plan ahead so you always travel as light and



how the first picture, a sign, sets the scene; how the photographer varies shooting positions and the distances from camera to subject for added interest; how the final shot closes the episode. Most of all, notice the continuity that makes it all a unit.

Name Your Hobby

AMATEUR RADIO: Dean Hagemeister (WOK2X), Potter, Nebr.

BOOK COVERS: Ann Williams, Box 536, Winnebago, Minn. (high-school and college).

BOOKS: Delton K. Wordes, Renville, Minn. (agricultural yearbooks).

BRIDLE BITS: Rev. E. T. DeSelms, The Methodist Church, Mosinee, Wis.

BUTTONS: Mrs. Sadie Blatz, 5633 Main St., Trumbull, Conn.

CARTOONS: Carolyn M. Skidmore, Ponquogue Ave., Hampton Bays, N.Y. (and anecdotes about teachers, pupils, education); Lawrence F. Green, R. 1, Box 310-B, French Camp, Calif. (especially political).

CHURCH BULLETINS: Rev. Ted Springer, Shanoprin Methodist Church, South Heights, Pa.; Vera Noel, 1677 Charles St., Portsmouth, Ohio.

COINS: Mrs. William A. Stern, Hiles, Wis.; Dale Carlin, R. 1, Box 82, West Paducah, Ky. (U.S.). J. L. Thomas, 1624 Burr St., Lincoln 2, Nebr. (U.S.).

CUPS & SAUCERS: Louise Buchanan, R. 1, Box 37, Draper, S. Dak.

DISH TOWELS: Mrs. G. E. Blanchard, 2018 High St., Portsmouth, Va.

DOLLS: Mrs. M. B. Cunningham, R. 2, Box 280, Gaston, Oreg.; Margaret Stout, 52 Mt. Vernon Ave., Fredericktown, Ohio.

FINDING WATER: Herman Bernau, Box 503, Ogden, Iowa (underground fountainheads).

GENEALOGY: Mrs. Mildred Thorne, R. 4, Box 130, La Porte, Ind. (Rarick, Brown, Moore, Acker); Mrs. Harvey Byrer, 502 S. Bourbon St., Bourbon, Ind. (St. John, Reed, Towne, Hughes, Parks); Ralph A. Barnette, 159 E. 125th St., New York 35, N.Y. (Humes, Fullerton, Legg, Barnett); Ota A. Crowder, R. 2, Box 148, Chandler, Okla. (Arbuckle, James); Mrs. Tom Reul, Wall, S. Dak. (Reul); Mrs. Ed Kelley, R. 4, Kevil, Ky. (Moore, Adams, Anderson); Cecil A. Davis, Box 461, Muleshoe, Tex. (Pinkerton, Milam, Davis, Simmons).

Mrs. Charles E. Kirkwood, Jr., Box 1241, Clemson, S.C. (Cason); Mrs. Earl Hannaford, 1095 Middlefield Rd., Palo Alto, Calif. (Riley, Bailey); Mrs. John R. Lindahl, 1239 Madeline Circle, Winton Hills, Cincinnati 31, Ohio (Kennard, Cohan, Tittle); Eunice Long Pederson, 324 N. Michigan Ave., Glendora, Calif. (Neal, Long, Mullin, Martin, Halbert); Mrs. Dean Hagemeister, Potter, Nebr. (Frame, Hagemeister, Ely, Phifer); Mrs. John Anderson, 1703 Manning, Hannibal, Mo. (Hopper, Huffine, Daily, Spence); J. E. Bass, 1009 Federal Ave., Morgan City, La. (Barlow, Coats, Wyatt, Smith, Nye).

John H. Clark, Mannsville, N.Y. (Clark, Kelsey, Baird, Eastman, Leater, Parsons, Weller, Fobes, Bretzer, Bahn, Dillman, Sharrer, Remington); Mrs. Reed Taylor, Talihina, Okla. (Zopf, Sparrow, Lanman); Mildred Smith, 150 Hawthorne Ave., Waterloo, Iowa (Blunt, Butler); Arthur J. Dunckel, Dolgeville, N.Y. (Dunckel, Silvernail, Silbernagle, Slack, Woollever, Wohleben); Virginia Westfall, 2538 17th Ave., Forest Grove, Oreg. (Krottinger, Van Clef, Gallimore, Mabry, Sprinkle); Mrs. Estella Leiss Niswonger, 2611 NE 19th St., Pompano Beach, Fla. (Niswonger, Neiswonger, Neiswanner, Niswanner, Neiswanner, Neiswander, Niswander, Neisenschwander, Olwin, Olwine, Leiss); Mrs. R. C. McClain, 100 Ontario Ave., Point Marion, Pa. (Snowden).

GLASSWARE: Mrs. Harry Marsh, 2742 Pierce Ave., Camden, N.J. (cut glass); Mary M. Lewis, 9550 Ceylan Ave., Los Angeles 45, Calif. (antique, and calendar plates); Mrs. Ralph Reedy, Box 128, Albany, Ill. (glass and china slippers).

HORTICULTURE: Mrs. Donald Dodd, R. 1, Box 14-A, Estacada, Oreg. (wild flowers); Frank Payne, 4320 Shawnee Dr., Kansas City 6, Kans. (dahlias).

INDIAN RELICS: William Marsh, 2742 Pierce Ave., Camden, N.J.; Roy Dawes, Mannsville, N.Y.

LACE WEAVING: Mrs. Grace Gunter, Methodist Memorial Home, Box 32, Warren, Ind.

PICTURES: Mrs. Louise Daugherty, Box 154, Merom, Ind. (of bluebirds).

PINS & BADGES: Oei Kie-hong, Djl. R5U 22, Temanggung, Java, Indonesia.

PITCHERS: Mrs. B. Hubka, Morrowville, Kans.

PLATES: Mrs. Hubert Seamster, RR 2, Cedar Vale, Kans. (antique); Mrs. Homer H. Griffith, RR, Cambridge, Iowa (state, antique).

POST CARDS: Mrs. Robert Travis, 801 Northwestern, Storm Lake, Iowa (old, from Iowa); Mrs. Lizzie Fitzgerald, Erin, Tenn.; Len Dupree, 3125 Bransford Rd., Augusta, Ga.; Rev. E. Lester Ballard, 1808 Friendly Rd., Greensboro, N.C.; Grace Hall, R. 2, Elmwood, Wis.; Sandy Thayer, 308 Windsor Ave., Pleasant Hills, Wilmington 3, Del.; Gayle Pierce, 311 Forest Brook Glen, Wilmington 3, Del.; Betty Bramble, 205 Harding Ave., Silview, Wilmington 3, Del.; Sharon Leuze, 17 Harbison Pl., Stanton Crest, Wilmington 3, Del.; Gayle Kase, 114 Laurel Lane, Forest Brook Glen, Wilmington 3, Del.

POSTMARKS: Neva Wiese, R. 2, Hunter, Kans. Mrs. Mae W. McCoombe, 719 W. Fisher Ave., Philadelphia 20, Pa.; Mrs. Thomas J. Ferguson, Jr., R. 2, SR 278, McArthur, Ohio.

QUIPS & WITTICISMS: Richard F. Burns, 246 Dutches St., Springfield 9, Mass. (humorous definitions).

RECIPES: Mrs. Valeta Carsey, R. 2, Box 95, Fort Lupton, Colo.

ROCKS & MINERALS: David Lyles, 2950 S. Church St., Salem, Oreg. (fluorescent, especially opal); Grace Hall, R. 2, Elmwood, Wis.

SALT & PEPPERS: Tommy White, Box 99, Blue Mound, Ill.; Mrs. Edward Kolves, RR 2, Easton, Ill.

SOIL SAMPLES: Earl James, 4718 Forest Hills Rd., Rockford, Ill.

TOOTHPICK HOLDERS: Mrs. John Rolando, 5027 N. 57th St., Milwaukee 18, Wis.

UNUSUAL NAMES: Mrs. Giles Cleveland, Lyons, Nebr. (surnames).

VASES: Mrs. C. T. Lacy, 801 Lester St., Poplar Bluff, Mo.

PEN PALS (open to age 18): Carolyn (7), William (9), and Cynthia (10) Ferguson, R. 2, SR 278, McArthur, Ohio; Linda Maddy (15), 151 N. Guilford Ave., Columbus 22, Ohio; Connie Reeves (15), 667 Rockaway St., Staten Island 7, N.Y.; Shirley (11), Judy (13), and Eilyn (16) Struble, RR 4, Bryan, Ohio.

Janice Gooden (14), Box 664, Elizabethtown, N.C.; Sara Smith (14), RD 1, Titusville, Pa.; Joyce Cheatham (16), Spout Springs, Va.; Elizabeth Reed (15), Miller Rd., Cedar Park, Annapolis, Md.; Valerie Monk (17), 15 Stanford Close, Ruislip, Middlesex, England; Ann Hetric (11), RD 2, Columbiana, Ohio.

Nancy Bowman (14), RD 2, Columbiana, Ohio; Jean Hammersley (13), 56 High St., Ipswich, Mass.; Sally J. Wanzer (13), 10 Mineral St., Ipswich, Mass.; Patty Bedwell (15), 1102 Faun Rd., Graylin Crest, Wilmington 3, Del.; Mary-Ellen Olmsted (15), 227 Lyndhurst Ave., McDaniel Crest, Wilmington 3, Del.; Phyllis Kio (14), RFD 1, Keating Summit, Pa.; Elizabeth Bement (11), RD 7, Depot Rd., Erie, Pa.

Carol Ann Jellema (14), 713 S. Pella, Orange City, Iowa; Mary B. Brant (18), 1 George Ave., Hampton, N.H.; Marilyn Turner (15), 9 Second St., Camden, N.Y.; Paula Kachadorian (14), 67 Nelson Rd., South Weymouth 90, Mass.; Rubie Newly (17), R. 1, Evansville, Tenn.; Peggy Watson (17), R. 2, Spring City, Tenn.; Freida Ann Barger (16), R. 2, Spring City, Tenn.; Delcie Mae Roberts (17), R. 2, Spring City, Tenn.

unencumbered as you possibly can.

Be a Tough Critic . . . of yourself. This is the key to steady improvement. At the least, it should mean reviewing your past movie efforts objectively so you don't make the same mistakes again. Better yet, get an editing outfit (good ones are around \$40, splicers alone are well under \$10) and snip out the dead weight that makes your movies drag. But that, at best, is a second-rate solution for movie ills. And editing is something you'll rarely need to fall back on in the future if you start now to . . .

Shoot Stories, Not Snapshots. Here is where you graduate from the nickelodeon era, where motion was all that counted, to modern techniques, where a good subject, continuity, and advance planning are essential. Your goal is to avoid filming one isolated scene after another. Try to group several scenes so that together they tell a story centered around a single theme. Each take should show the build-up as well as the peak action. The end result will be a more interesting movie—and less wasted film.

Study the illustration on the preceding page. Notice how the scenes form a logical progression of events; how the airport sign introduces the sequence, and how shooting distances are varied to give change of pace, impact, and interest.

Those pictures were shot *after* the photographer had outlined a shooting script. He knew roughly what to expect, what good picture possibilities would be present. The result was a group of scenes which neatly fit together to tell a story.

Try it; it can't help but improve your movies. Even if you don't follow the script to the letter, you'll benefit from having planned ahead and having at least an outline of picture possibilities in mind. Get those planned scenes, but keep your eyes open and your camera ready for the unexpected. Capturing spontaneous action can make a whole film sequence exceptional.

Be Different. Don't try anything you're not sure of, never break a rule, and don't bother hunting for the unusual—if you're satisfied with mediocre movies. But if you want your movies to be special, try those wild ideas. Experiment. Reject the easy pictures and the photographic clichés. Try to capture flavor and atmosphere. Take movies indoors and at night. Use plenty of close-ups. Think in terms of color, and hunt for striking composition as would an artist.

Imagination is the crucial ingredient. Without it, a home movie is flat and colorless. But with it, you've got the spice and sparkle that mark a prize winner.

So plan your script, grab your camera—and start shooting.

What I Told Ted and Mary

By MICHAEL DAVES



THEY SAT in my study—Ted and Mary, a young couple soon to be married. They had visited me earlier to discuss the ceremony and had taken home The Methodist Hymnal to familiarize themselves with the ritual. Now they were back for counseling. What should I, as their pastor, tell them? Here is what I finally said:

You are about to enter a happy, holy estate. You are uniting your hearts, minds, souls, and bodies into one dynamic whole. Marriage is a partial answer to man's greatest sickness— isolation. No longer will you be alone. Now you can share experiences and, because they are shared, they will become more real. God knew what he was doing when he made man to live with woman! You're wise, too, to have a church wedding. It means more when you feel God has blessed your marriage through his holy church.

Love is not enough for a successful marriage. There is an ebb and flow to romantic love. One day many a husband wakes up, looks at his wife, and wonders if he really loves her. And many a wife feels the same. When that happens, don't run to a lawyer's office. Come back here to my office—or any minister's office. Or talk it out yourselves.

Your love is going to change; your love will have growing pains. But don't let them get you down. True love is bound to grow. Love depends on many factors. When the love tide ebbs, then you need understanding, patience, faith, and a sense of duty to stay together "for better, for worse." There will be responsibilities as well as privileges. You can't stay on a honeymoon all your married life.

A key word is co-operation. One of you can't steer over the sea of matrimony alone. You will have to co-operate on the budget, food, recreation, clothes. You'll have to see things from the other's point of view and admit when you make a mistake.

You will need to keep your channels of communication open. One of the

most important elements in a successful marriage is being able to discuss problems rationally. When you lose the ability to talk with one another, you either sit in tense silence or yell. But if you can talk it out, chances are you won't fight it out.

Mature attitudes are vital. This will take time; no one is completely mature in everything. However, the more mature attitudes you develop, the better your chances for a successful marriage.

Jealousy is an immature attitude, an outward sign of an inward insecurity. Remember what Paul said in I Corinthians 13:4: "Love is not jealous."

Paul also said, "Love does not insist on its own way." Selfishness is another form of emotional infancy. Many marriage partners are as egocentric as babies. Such selfishness is sure to destroy marriage.

You must also develop mature attitudes about sex. I know the marriage manuals have helped you with the physical side. But your own attitudes are vital. If they are healthy, you won't have to worry about physical expression. A mature attitude toward sex means that you realize God created sex for good and that, far from being evil, with proper use it is the highest expression of romantic love.

Don't stop doing things together. Right now you wouldn't think of doing anything without one another. But after marriage you will discover that you

both have different interests and friends. Sometimes husbands will want to go out with the boys, and wives will want to have the girls in for coffee. Often you will just want to be alone. After all, each one needs some privacy.

But don't lose sight of having fun. I hope that after you marry you will still go out together. A man should send his wife candy and flowers once in a while. And she ought to put on her best dress and let him take her out occasionally. Even when children come along, reserve time when you two can be alone.

Above all, stay in the church. Don't let your wedding be the last time you set foot inside. Many problems can be solved in the church which cannot be solved outside. Your pastor is always willing to help.

The church, with all its imperfections, is still the only organization dedicated to bringing people into a knowledge of God through Jesus Christ. There you will find the finest friends anywhere. Through song, sermon, and Sacrament, you will be brought nearer to God.

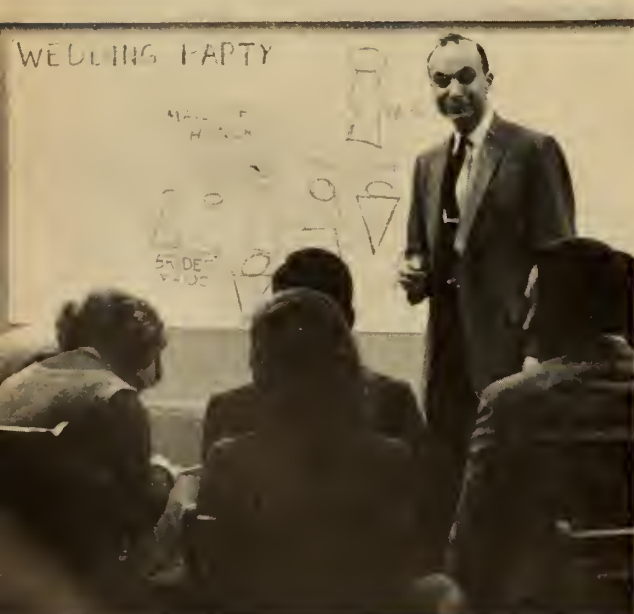
Your relationship will take on a new meaning, and you will have a mutual purpose that will strengthen and solidify your bonds. Your whole life depends on your relationship with God. Your love is only a small inlet of a great ocean of love. God made the ocean. God is love. We pray that he will bless your union:

Father, we thank thee for making our marriage in heaven; may we make it on earth. Help us to be unselfish and tolerant, patient and understanding, so that our home may be a place of peace. Grant that we might meet one another halfway—and more if need be. Thank thee for the prospect of children and grandchildren, of complete union. Thank thee for thy love. As years drift by and we find "silver threads among the gold," may our love gain added dimensions. This is our prayer as we stand at the gate of this holy estate. Amen.



Bride and groom: Diana McDowell, left, and Andy Heinze, center, concentrate as the marriage ritual is explained. Diana and Andy head the all-MYF Demonstration Wedding cast.

Who's where when? A chalk-talk clears it up.



An important must: Counseling by Pastor Williams.



How to Plan a Wedding

A WEDDING is a happy time. Why, then, were some 380,000 divorces granted last year? Why, for every three marriage licenses issued, was one divorce suit filed? Why have an estimated 10 million living Americans been divorced?

These questions have no simple answer. But marriage counselors agree on this: Thousands of marriages fail because newlyweds—especially younger ones—do not understand what marriage involves.

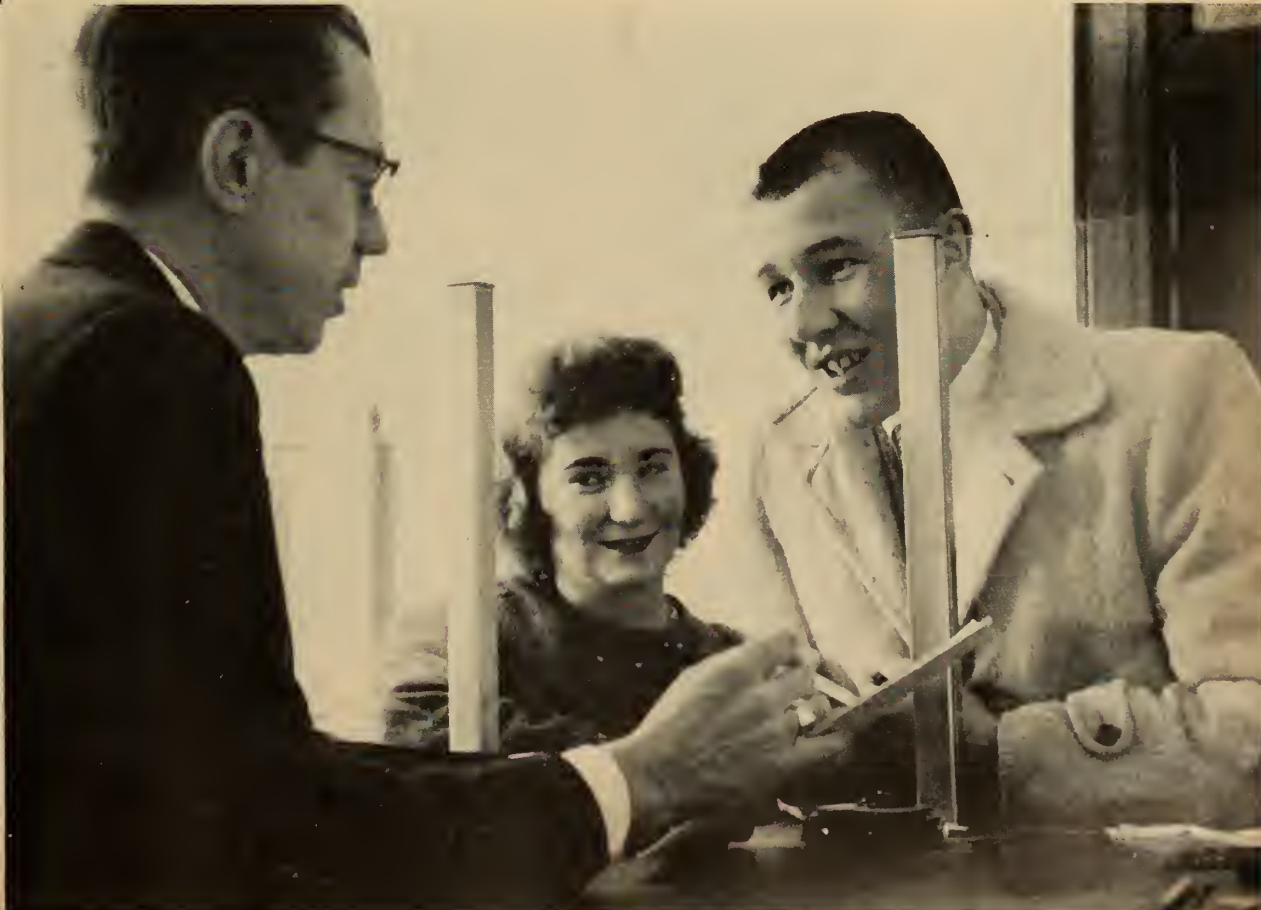
A big step in combating the problem is being taken by First Methodist Church in North Andover, Mass. There, MYFers spend one month each year studying

family life. They climax their studies by electing a "bride and groom" who "marry" in a full-dress church ceremony.

The marriage, of course, isn't real. Yet the only way a visitor can tell is through the printed program, which identifies it as the MYF's annual Demonstration Wedding. Besides being great fun to plan and execute, this popular event helps teach teen-agers the meaning and importance of marriage, the religious significance of the ritual, and the characteristics of a loving Christian home. This is not just a performance; it is training for life. And these enthusiastic teen-agers, as these



A license, too: Though Diana and Andy aren't really to be married, they go through all the usual steps—including a visit to the town hall.





Squeeze play: Tight collar, nervous groom—then a resolute usher takes over.

pages show, take this training seriously.

Back in 1949, Grace Stewart and Don Farrow, then president, were elected as bride and groom. They made a fine couple; the Demonstration Wedding went off without a hitch. Three years later they stood together once more before the same altar. But this time the ceremony was real.

Today, they are among the church's active young adults. Grace was one of many members who helped make possible this year's Demonstration Wedding pictured on these pages. She lent her wedding gown to Diana McDowell, the 1959 bride. Other adults donated flowers for decoration and corsages, furnished a cake for the reception and music for the service, and advised on wedding etiquette. Recent brides and bridesmaids contributed gowns and a

The gown: It's Grace Farrow's. Grace, left, married her "MYF groom."



Rehearsal: "Fatherhood" came by ballot for Bill Pickles, here trying the bridal march with elected daughter, Diana, on his arm.



The "real thing": Bill and Diana, in formal wear, make a dignified entrance during the demoustration ceremony.

clothing store furnished formal wear for ushers, groom, and best man. It was almost a community project.

The Rev. Ralph D. York, now serving a California pastorate, originated the idea back in 1948 as a feature of Youth Week. His purpose—to give church youth a better grasp of Christian marriage—has never been altered. Hundreds of teen-agers have profited from this experience.

Mr. York's foresight put First Church a jump ahead of many others, only now recognizing the importance of church-centered marriage instruction. As *The Discipline* states:

"It is increasingly obvious that if marriage is to succeed, there must be adequate preparation. Therefore, it is recommended that a regular course of instruction for youth on the Christian

ideals of friendship, courtship, and marriage be given in each local church. . . . Suitable books, pamphlets, and audio-visual resources should be made available for young people. . . ."

The Rev. Donald Williams, present pastor, based this year's MYF family-life program on the six-leaflet *Preparation for Marriage* series recently issued by the General Board of Education's Department of the Christian Family. This material was supplemented by films, guest speakers, and full-length books. Another far-reaching new source is *In Holy Matrimony*, the official marriage manual of The Methodist Church, now available from Methodist Publishing House bookstores for 90¢.

Planning any wedding—even a demonstration—is a tough job. First step at North Andover is selecting an

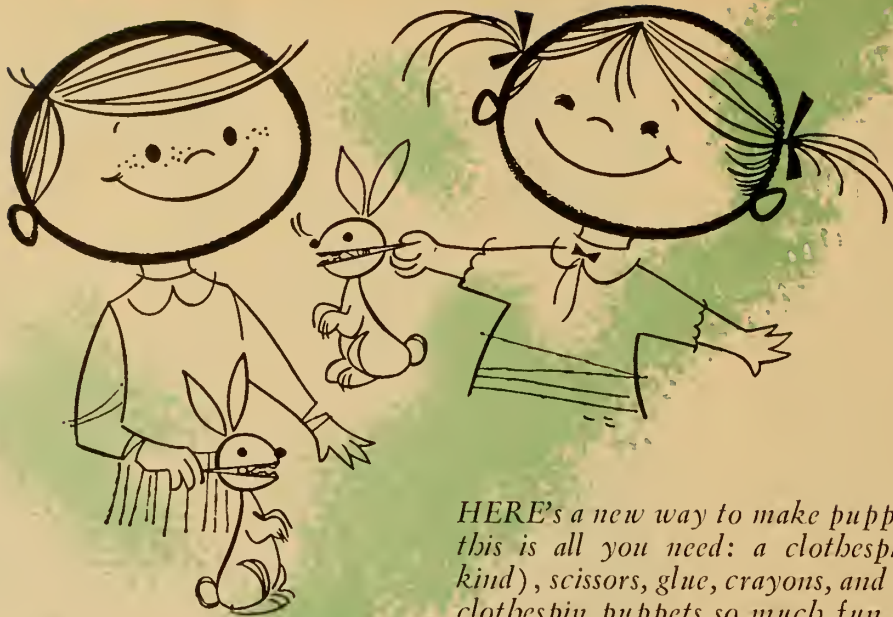
all-MYF cast, from minister, bride, and groom on down through attendants, ushers, and even parents for the marrying couple. Then the group wades into such problems as music, decorations, the role of each participant, ceremonial procedure, and etiquette.

A general invitation is extended to the congregation through the church newsletter; final problems are ironed out in a rehearsal. Then on the evening of Youth Sunday, the wedding takes place—bride and groom probably more nervous than they will be a few years hence on their real wedding days.

This never fails to be a high spot of the year for MYFers, an event they don't soon forget. Best of all, while having fun, they learn invaluable lessons about the roots from which successful Christian marriages grow.

Line forms at the rear: The "newlyweds" and their hard-working attendants relax at the reception. Looks as if best man Dick Bamford, third from right, can't wait to get at that cake!



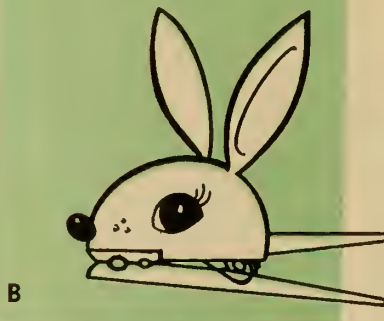
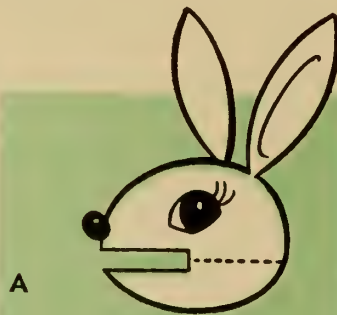


HERE's a new way to make puppets in a jiffy! And this is all you need: a clothespin (the snapping kind), scissors, glue, crayons, and paper. You'll find clothespin puppets so much fun to make that you and your friends might even want to plan your own puppet show with them. Just follow the directions below. The drawings will help you, too.

Fun With Clothespin Puppets

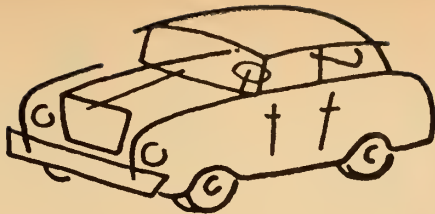
First, draw and color the puppet's head (see Drawing A). It might be anything—a rabbit, a bear, a boy, or a girl. Whatever it is, it should be about $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide from the back of its head to the front of its mouth.

Next, cut the puppet's head in half, right across its mouth. (Drawing A has a dotted line to show you where to cut.) Then paste the forehead part of your puppet to the upper side of the clothespin (Drawing B) and the chin part to the lower side of the clothespin.



To finish the puppet, draw its body on paper, cut it out, and paste it onto the puppet's head (Drawing C). Now squeeze the clothespin open and shut and watch your puppet laugh! You can even make him pick up things in his mouth.

A Silly Story for Tired Travelers



ARE YOU going on a vacation with Mom and Dad this year? If so, here is a game you can play in the car. First, cut out all the words on the green blocks. Mix them up and put them in a small box. Then choose one person to read the story about the Tugwuggles' Trip. The other players should take turns drawing words from the box. Each time the reader comes to a blank, he should pause and wait for a player to read the word he has drawn from the box.

butterflies	petunias
old tennis shoes	
squirrels	plant food
clothespins	
canaries	nose drops
airmail stamps	
tadpoles	peanuts
mosquito lotion	
feathers	soap flakes
jawbreakers	
lady bugs	poison ivy
monkey wrenches	
overshoes	toothpicks

ONE summer day Mr. Tugwuggle said to his wife and son, "Let's take a trip."

"What a wonderful idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Tugwuggle, and Tommy Tugwuggle was so excited he jumped up and down and accidentally stepped on some _____.

"First I must take the car to the garage," Mr. Tugwuggle said, "to have the tank filled with _____ and get the _____ checked and have some _____ put in the tires. Then we will be ready to go."

While Mr. Tugwuggle was gone, Mrs. Tugwuggle dusted the _____ and swept the _____. Then she packed a nice lunch, including sand-

wiches with lettuce and _____ in them. She also wrapped some _____ in waxed paper and filled a vacuum jug with cold _____. Then Mrs. Tugwuggle asked Tommy Tugwuggle to put the _____ outside and to water the _____ while she went upstairs to put on her hat—the one with _____ and _____ on it.

The Tugwuggles had a nice trip and saw many interesting things such as _____ and _____ and _____. The lunch was good, too, but Mrs. Tugwuggle felt bad because she had forgotten the cake and _____.

When they arrived home they went to bed and dreamed about _____ and _____ and _____.

Summer Is Smiling

Summer is smiling, singing, and smiling;
Summer is waking me up every day;
Summer is kissing my cheek with a sunbeam;
Summer is saying, "Come outside and play."

Summer is tossing small clouds in the sky;
Summer is happy—it's laughing at me;
Summer is wearing a big yellow sun and
Red-breasted robins in my apple tree.

Summer is smiling, singing, and smiling;
Summer is making my freckles come out;
Summer is sparkling with dandelion buttons;
Summer is whispering breezes about.

Summer is tickling my feet with green grass;
Summer is flying bright birds in the air;
Summer is making my heart talk to God—it's
Saying a "thank-you-for-Summertime" prayer.

—RUTH ADAMS MURRAY



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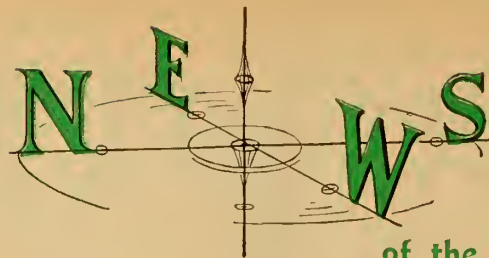
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of the world parish

IN HAWAII: A STRONGER BROTHERHOOD WITNESS

Hawaiian Methodists are viewing statehood as making possible a stronger American witness to brotherhood. More noteworthy than the islands' pineapples, sugar, and tourists, they say, is the harmony in which people of many races and nationalities live and work together. The 50th state, gateway to Asia, "may well become the proving ground for democracy for half the world's population," the superintendent of the Hawaii Mission Conference, Dr. Harry S. Komuro, predicts.

Methodists have been among the strongest supporting groups since the statehood movement began in 1903. One chief backer, Bishop James C. Baker, retired, of San Marino, Calif., recently drew praise from *The Honolulu Star-Bulletin* for his "fight for social justice"—statehood.

Methodists number over 5,000 of the islands' 640,000 population and embrace Japanese, Filipinos, Koreans, and mainland Americans, including many servicemen. Total Protestant membership is close to 60,000; Roman Catholic, 155,000.

Methodist work was started in 1855, but soon was discontinued until 1877, when a continuing program took roots. At first, racial churches were the rule, necessitated by language difficulties, but today "integration is taken for granted," according to Dr. Komuro. Especially encouraging to church leaders, he adds, is the large number

of children and youths—the majority from non-Christian homes—in Sunday school.

Methodists will operate the islands' first home for the aged, Pohai-Nani (meaning "surrounded by beauty"), at Kaneohe. To open this year, the home will occupy 16 acres and accommodate 200 residents.

Another Methodist project, Susanna Wesley Home, for 50 years a girls' residence run by the Woman's Division of Christian Service, was changed last year into a community center serving a needy area of Honolulu. Methodist-originated Goodwill Industries is studying the possibilities of a Hawaiian branch, and a new Wesley Foundation Building at the University of Hawaii is being built.

During the last year, full church membership gained 1.8 per cent to 4,352. The state also has 1,194 preparatory members. In addition, one new church and two Sunday schools were organized, and benevolence giving increased 11 per cent to \$28,799.

Ike, Bishops, and History

Methodism's Council of Bishops, 51 members present, highlighted its recent Washington conference with a mass visit to President Eisenhower in the White House. There, bishops recalled that two of their predecessors, Francis Asbury and Thomas Coke, accom-



A visit with Prime Minister Nehru in his home climaxed Indian tour of Bishop and Mrs. W. A. Smith, Oklahoma City. At right: Bishop S. K. Mondol, Delhi.

panied by two ministers, in 1789, became the first church officials to call on George Washington after his inauguration. Bishop Asbury's statement to Washington was read to Mr. Eisenhower by Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, outgoing Council president. The 1789 statement said in part:

"We are conscious, from the signal proofs you have already given, that you are a friend of mankind; and, under this established idea, place . . . full



Riverside, Calif., churchgoers chuckled when they found a second sign, author unknown, along a church-owned road.

confidence in your wisdom and integrity for the preservation of those civil and religious liberties which have been transmitted to us by the providence of God and the glorious revolution . . . [In November TOGETHER will salute the 175th anniversary of Methodism in America with a special historical issue.]

The bishops, meeting in semiannual session, also held off-the-record conferences with Vice-President Nixon; Gen. Nathan F. Twining, chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff; Sen. John F. Kennedy (D., Mass.); Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey (D., Minn.); Sen. Lyndon Johnson (D., Tex.); Chief Justice Earl Warren; Secretary of Defense Neil H. McElroy, and Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Arthur S. Flemming.

Bishop Marvin A. Franklin of Jackson, Miss., was selected by the Council to succeed Bishop Oxnam as president for the next year.

Blind Need More Teachers

Blind people overseas urgently need more teachers, the John Milton Society for the Blind has just learned. Dr. Dwight C. Smith, general secretary, urged the enlargement of teacher-training programs in India, Egypt, Jordan, Lebanon, and Ceylon and the launching of similar programs in other countries. Methodists co-operate with some 50 other denominations in the Society.

Of the record \$154,598 budget for 1959, \$20,000 will go for teacher training and scholarships for blind students.

To Discuss Race at Dallas

Eight agencies of The Methodist Church will sponsor a Conference on Human Relations August 31 to September 4 in Dallas, Tex. The session will be held at Southern Methodist University; at least 1,200 delegates are due to attend.

The first such church-wide conference to be called by this denomination will consider such questions as:

- What is our Christian witness on race?
- What is the nature of the present racial crisis in our nation and the world?
- What can Methodists do?

Sponsoring agencies are the Boards of Evangelism, Education, Lay Activities, and Social and Economic Relations; Commission on Chaplains; the Divisions of National and World Missions, and the Woman's Division of Christian Service.

Refugees Look to Us

Failure to deal with the refugee problem may become a major cause of a new war, says Dr. Elfan Rees, World Council of Churches' adviser on refugee matters. His recommendation: thought, prayer, and constructive action on the UN World Refugee Year, starting in June.

At last count, some 15,000 of the 60,000 eligible for admission to the U.S. were looking to Protestant churches for sponsorship and assistance. Dr. Rees advised churches to realize that such services may be a permanent part of their ministry.

For Theology School: \$1 Million

Methodists in Southern California and Arizona have raised \$1,057,265 toward the new \$5-million campus of Southern California School of Theology at Claremont.

Contracts have been awarded for the first two units.

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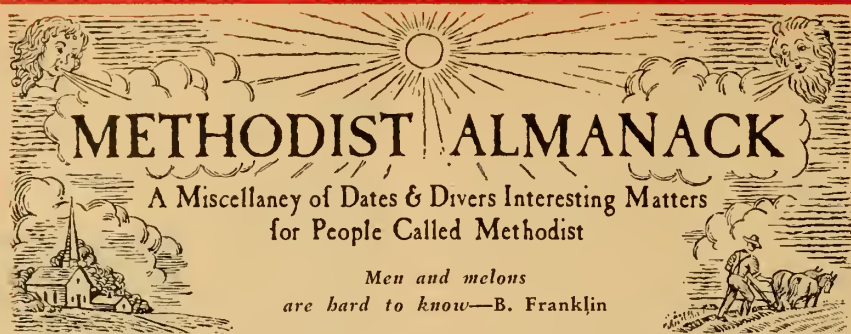
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June hath XXX days

6th Month

I never knu a man trubbled with melankolly,
 who had plenty to dew, and did it—Josh Billings

- 1 M Wesley resigns Oxford Fellowship, 1751
- 2 Tu P. T. Barnum puts 1st show on road, 1835
- 3 W *One evil begets two*
- 4 Th Thos. Rankin's 1st sermon in America, 1773
"I have set before thee an open door, and
no man shall shut it" was text
- 5 Fr Lightning is electricity: Franklin, 1752
- 6 Sa Henry Seely patents 1st electric iron, 1882
- 7 S Wesley preaches on father's tomb, 1742
- 8 M Methodists start Children's Day, 1868
- 9 Tu Gov. Oglethorpe gets Georgia charter, 1732
- 10 W 1st mint establ. in America, 1652
- 11 Th Hawaii's Kamehameha Day
- 12 Fr Iowa granted territorial gov't., 1838
- 13 Sa Wesley off to Moravians at Herrnhut, 1738
- 14 S Methodist Student Day
- 15 M Furloughed missionaries meet, DePauw U.
- 16 Tu Edison perfects cylinder phonograph, 1888
- 17 W T. R. back from African game hunt, 1910
- 18 Th 1st cross-country auto trip starts, 1903
- 19 Fr 1st baseball game, 1846. Player lost temper,
fined 6¢ for swearing
- 20 Sa Horse kicks Wesley, Caulfield, 1771
- 21 S Dan Beard, founder U.S. Boy Scouts, b. 1850
- 22 M Bolivar calls 1st Pan American meet, 1826
- 23 Tu Peter Morariarty d., 1814. Famed Methodist
evangelist was Catholic till 1776
- 24 W Henry W. Beecher b. Litchfield, Conn., 1813
- 25 Th Gen. Custer loses at Little Big Horn, 1876
- 26 Fr Ike, Elizabeth II, dedicate St. Lawrence
Seaway, St. Lambert's Lock, Montreal
- 27 Sa *Fear is a bad adviser*
- 28 S John Wesley b., 1703
- 29 M Asbury opens Bethel Church, 1794
- 30 Tu 1st anniv. Sunday School Union, N.Y., 1828

■ To get the clergy to look on circuses with more favor, Barnum & other showmen used religious terms in advertising. Hippopotamus was called "Behemoth of Holy Writ," the Indian zebu "sacred cow," the camel "ship of the desert," the water buffalo the "ox that treads out the corn."

■ Wesley gave many sermons at Epworth & caused a commotion among his enemies. They hauled a whole wagon-load of Methodists before a magistrate. "They converted my wife," said one accuser. "Till she went among them she had such a tongue, but now she is quiet as a lamb."

"Take them back," said the judge, "and let them convert all the scolds in town!"



■ "Had he been but an inch or two nearer, I should not have travelled any farther." Despite the kick and various other illnesses, including tuberculosis, Methodism's founder lived to 88.

☞ The Wesleys, also known as Westleys, have been traced to Guy, whom Athelstan made a thane, or clan chief, in 938, & were related to the Duke of Wellington. His brother, Richard Colley, changed it to the earlier form, Wellesley, used by both him & the Duke. The eldest brother, Marquis of Wellesley, married an American woman, a granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Md.

opinion of two Methodist bishops who recently visited there.

Bishop Charles W. Brashares of Chicago pointed out that "the Church, the school, and the creative forces are in a race to train the leaders of these nations before they become free." If they lose the race, he warned, the chances of these nations remaining free are slim.

Asserting that the desire for independence is so deep that there can be no turning back, Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles said, "Whites have looked down on the natives too long and the hatred this has brought about now is being felt in tension and turmoil." He compared Africans' desire for freedom to that shown by Americans in 1776.

Bishop Kennedy added that Methodist functions have been assumed by Africans to the extent that if American Methodism were to remove all its missions, "the spirit of the Church would remain."

More Hymns at Weddings?

Increased use of hymns in wedding ceremonies is being urged in a new wedding manual prepared by the National Fellowship of Methodist Musicians. Some hymns make "splendid processions and recessions," the manual says, while others "are particularly appropriate as wedding prayers." The volume also advises:

- Don't wait until the rehearsal to discuss music with the organist.
- Plan a pre-service program of churchly music.
- Don't allow marching to any rigid, artificial pattern.
- Don't include an extended solo within the service.
- Ask the entire congregation to join in saying or singing the Lord's Prayer.

MPH Looks Ahead to 1975

The Methodist Publishing House has announced a major long-range expansion program based on studies of what the church will need by 1975. The plan foresees a 75 per cent increase in mail-order and retail activity, serving a membership grown from the present 9.7 million to more than 12 million.

The distribution system will be revamped, with regional centers carrying full inventories of publications and supplies in the areas of New York City, Chicago, San Francisco, Dallas, Tex., Richmond, Va., and Nashville, Tenn. In addition, more local retail units will be added to the 15 already in operation.

Men's Clubs Total 12,500

Laymen are well ahead of schedule in forming Methodist Men clubs.

The Board of Lay Activities has an-

CENTURY CLUB

TOGETHER has received the names of more Methodists who have celebrated enough birthdays to qualify for the Century Club:

Mrs. Louise Biddinger, 101, Anderson, Ind.
R. A. Early, 109, Corbin, Ky.

Names of other Methodists, 100 or older, will be published as they are received from readers.

nounced that 12,500 clubs now are chartered—an accomplishment originally linked to a May 31, 1960, deadline. The 12,500th club is at Trinity Church, Mountain View, Calif.

Dakota College Head at 33

At 33, Dr. Jack Jones Early is one of the nation's youngest college presidents as he takes the reins of Methodist-related Dakota Wesleyan University, Mitchell, S.Dak. He came to DWU from Iowa Wesleyan College, Mount Pleasant, where he was vice-president and dean.

Dr. Early, a Methodist minister, also has been a Kentucky legislator.

Rally to Fight Flu

When a flu epidemic struck Virginia Methodist Children's Home, Richmond, recently, Methodists in Chicago and Cincinnati rallied to relieve a nurse shortage.

Dr. Walter C. Eyster of the Board of Hospitals and Homes in Chicago, first to learn of the emergency, phoned Board-related Bethesda Hospital, Cincinnati, and asked for relief nurses. In a few hours, Nancy Meeks and Phyllis Whitney were flying to Richmond.

The two were "worth their weight in gold," said home superintendent E. Leon Smith.

'Cure' for Delinquency

If parents would support Sunday schools fully, juvenile delinquency could be wiped out, theologian Nels Ferré of Newton Center, Mass., believes. As it is, he charged recently, parents don't understand the Sunday school or their part in it.

There is urgent need, he said, for more teachers and "lessons which are terribly important."

Methodism: Going Up!

Methodist membership is growing in remote areas of the world. Mindanao Provisional Annual Conference in the Philippines reports a 12 per cent membership gain in the last year despite the worst drought in 34 years, sickness among ministers and laymen, and a famine-causing infestation of rats and locusts.

In Mozambique, Africa, membership has increased 10 per cent in two years.

To Tell Boys About Ministry

A four-point plan to help Methodists encourage youths to enter the ministry has been outlined by Bishop Richard C. Raines. The church, he stresses, needs at least 2,800 new prospective pastors annually.

The plan includes these points:

- Inform youths about experiences they can expect as ministers.
- Inspire them with facts on the church's "desperate" needs and the opportunities for "highly adventurous living" that the ministry offers.

Scandinavians Are Building

Norwegian and Swedish Methodists are in the midst of a building boom. Reports show:

Norway—Laymen, intent on cutting costs, are building their own church at Tistedal. Central Church, Oslo, is holding services in a theater until its new building is completed. In the far north, the Finnsnes congregation has

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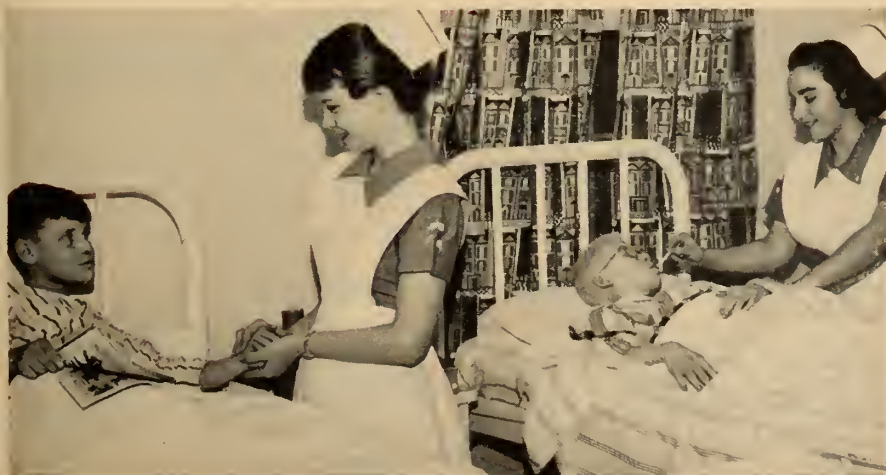
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Cincinnati nurses Nancy Meeks (left) and Phyllis Whitney treat flu-stricken Robert Garrett (left) and Billy Wildey at Richmond's Methodist Children's Home.

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Maybe You Should Preach



Informative Reprints Available:

If My Daughter Should Want to Marry a Catholic (TOGETHER Nov. 1956) 12 copies 50¢, 50—\$1.50, 100—\$2.25.

Maybe You Should Preach (TOGETHER April 1959) 10 copies 60¢, 50—\$2.50, 100—\$4.40.

The Drinks Are On You (TOGETHER Oct. 1957) 12—40¢, 50—\$1.25, 100—\$2.

Trends and Prospects Within The Methodist Church (NEW CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE Dec. 1958) 10 copies 60¢, 50—\$2.20, 100—\$4, 500—\$18, 1000—\$30.

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740 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

moved into a new chapel after using a children's home for services.

Sweden—Motels to be built at the Dalarna Methodist Youth Center will make an expanded program possible. Methodists in Västerås joined the Swedish Salvation Army in building a block-long business center which includes a new church for each group.

Pope's Unity Call Rejected

The Rome Diocese bulletin of the Roman Catholic Church has labeled as "disappointing" Protestant reaction to Pope John XXIII's call for an Ecumenical Council. Protestants generally have interpreted the proposed "Christian unity" to mean unity under Catholicism.

This view was felt to be substantiated by the bulletin's statement that the Pope is willing to forget "the insults of the past" as "all return to the common Father."

Eastern Orthodox circles, the bulletin continued, have responded with "confidence and expectation" but reject any idea of papal supremacy.

Jazz Mass 'Sacrilegious'?

Reactions ranging from "sacrilegious" to "reverent" followed performance of a Jazz Mass at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Norwalk, Conn. The Rev. Anthony P. Treasure, rector, called the service "very reverent, very impressive, and very moving."

Some vestrymen disagreed, warning that the propriety of mixing jazz and liturgy would "be discussed."

Connecticut Bishop Walter H. Gray declined to comment.

The music, composed in London by an Anglican priest, was performed by piano, alto saxophone, bass, and drums. The vocal part of the Mass was sung by the church choir.

Receive Science Grants

Eight Methodist-related schools have been awarded grants totaling \$529,250 by the National Science Foundation for basic research, conferences and exchange of information in the sciences, institutes for science-teacher training.

Recipients: Northwestern University, \$214,100; Duke University, \$175,650; Syracuse University, \$53,500; Boston University, \$34,700; Emory University, \$23,600; Southern Methodist University, \$18,400; Nebraska Wesleyan University, \$7,300, and Pfeiffer College, \$2,000.

All Faiths Honor Church

Greetings from all faiths poured in on Trinity Union Methodist Church, Providence, R.I., when it celebrated its centennial recently.

Wrote Roman Catholic Bishop Russell J. McViney:



Bishop E. M. Frank (right) inducts Dr. Don Holter as president of new National Methodist Theological Seminary, Kansas City. Back: Dr. H. P. Van Dusen, Union Seminary, N.Y.

"I am sure the angels look upon the centenary of a church community as a bouquet of 100 years of service to the community and to the individuals who have come under its benign influence."

Other greetings, all preserved in a 20-page brochure, came from a rabbi, government officials, and Protestant leaders.

English 'at the Methodists'

Learning English "at the Methodists" seems the thing to do in Warsaw today. Eager Poles are forming long lines three times a year to register.

The four-year course was organized 40 years ago by The Methodist Church. Teachers are recruited among persons from Britain, Australia, Canada, and the U.S. who are married to Poles. Swelling the enrollment lists to a record high now are students, officers, diplomats, housewives, persons hoping to visit relatives or to travel in the U.S., and others.

The Rev. Joseph Szczepkowski, principal, saw Navy service in World War II, then became a missionary in Warsaw. He gave up his U.S. citizenship to remain in Poland when, during the Stalin era, he and seven other U.S. Methodist officials were ordered to leave.

Poland has about 15,000 Methodists.

Church Hospitals Busy

Church-related hospitals last year cared for 4,657,000 patients, or 27.8 per cent of all hospitalized Americans, a new National Health Survey discloses. Methodist hospitals treated 1,409,439, according to the Board of Hospitals and Homes.

Of all church-hospital patients, 225,000 had no known incomes; 469,000

others, most of whom also received charity care, had annual incomes under \$2,000.

'Think Urban or Die,' Methodists Are Warned

In our rapidly urbanizing culture, Protestant churches will have to "think urban" to survive, Methodists have been warned at a meeting sponsored by the Division of National Missions. This means seeing "the wonder and glory" of cities, not merely the crime and delinquency, says Dr. Clifford C. Ham, professor of church and city planning at Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C.

Dr. Ham feels that Protestants traditionally have written off much of the city as Roman Catholic, whereas today newcomers of Protestant background may outnumber Catholics in the inner part of many cities. He urged working with city planners to make urban areas "better, safer, and more Christian."

Churchmen May Tip Scale

Church people may hold the balance of power in public opinion needed to awaken Americans to the need of a positive foreign policy. So Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey (D., Minn.) told 90 Methodist pastors at the 13th Ministers' Seminar in Washington, D.C., sponsored by the Board of Education.

"We seem to have lost contact with people," he said, "like those of Asia, Africa, India, and Latin America, who are on fire in the greatest revolution of all time as they try to pull themselves out of the muck." [For Humphrey-Khrushchev interview see *What's Ahead for Religion in Russia?* March, 1959, page 22.]

CAMERA CLIQUE

Trade Tricks: That interior shot of St. George's Church at the bottom of page 42 was shot entirely by window light—with the help of a patient congregation. Members waited an extra 15 minutes after one Sunday sermon until the sun ducked behind a cloud and light was evenly diffused. Then staff photographer George P. Miller snapped a skylight filter over his Rollei lens and exposed 1/10 second at f/8 on fast new Super Anscochrome film (rated ASA 100). Such fast film, by the way, now is available for 16-mm. movie cameras and most still cameras. Why not try it as you follow the movie-making tips in Up From the Nickelodeon [page 58].

Here are photo credits for this issue:

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CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS

BOOK FOR SALE

WE ORDINARY PREACHERS by One of Them by Raymond M. Shipman. With wisdom, deep religious understanding, sparkle of humor, minister of 50 years experience describes ministerial work. Readable, interesting. Excellent gift for pastor. Halford Luccock recommends. \$3.75. Raymond M. Shipman, 1221 Marston, Ames, Iowa.

BOOKS WANTED

RELIGIOUS LIBRARIES PURCHASED. Send list or request details. Baker Book House, Dept. TG, Grand Rapids 6, Michigan.

HELP WANTED

ASSOCIATE MINISTER by Methodist church of 1200 members northwest Chicago. Responsibility for youth work, Christian education and visitation programs. Salary \$6,000. State qualifications and experience with references. Box T-50, TOGETHER.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION DIRECTOR, man—woman. New position. Write First Methodist Church, Gloversville, N. Y.

THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH of Mason City, Iowa, seeks a Director of Christian Education and Youth Work. Preferably a young married man with theological education and a knowledge of church school techniques. A very real and rich opportunity. Address inquiries to the above named church.

HOBBY MATERIALS

LEARN PROFESSIONAL cake decorating at home. Free color-illustrated literature. Deco-Secrets, Venice 10, Calif.

MISCELLANEOUS

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS: For ideal living, get mobile home and live in ideal climate of colorful Colorado at foot of Rockies. Quiet, clean park off main road. Northwest Denver suburb. Write for further details. Corder Trailer Town, 5460 Harlan, Arvada, Colorado.

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CASH BY RETURN MAIL for old jewelry, spectacles, silverware, gold teeth. Wm. Pankey Co., 81 Madison, Memphis 3, Tenn.

HIGHEST CASH PAID FOR OLD GOLD, Broken Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. FREE Information. ROSE REFINERS, Heyworth Bldg., Chicago 2.

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LAKE JUNALUSKA, North Carolina, Inspiration, Recreation, Rest. Room and Meals \$5.00-\$6.00. Mrs. Ivon Roberts, Box 415, Statesville, North Carolina.

RESORTS

VACATION AT BAY VIEW INN, Bay View, Michigan. Methodism's great summer resort, chautauqua, planned recreation for all ages, overlooking Lake Michigan. Room, two meals \$7.00 to \$12.00 daily. Season \$475 to \$850. Recommended by Duncan Hines. June 27 to Sept. 10.

GARDNER-ROGERS HOMESTEAD—Vacation in this charm spot of New England, in a warm, friendly atmosphere of home-cooked meals, comfortable accommodations, beautiful scenery and refined clientele. Owner operated since 1900. Milk, cream, eggs and vegetables from our own farm. Shuffleboard, pingpong, croquet, horseshoe pitching and picnics. Golf, swimming and fishing nearby. Brochure on request. Frank and Jessie Rogers, Middletown Springs, Vermont.

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TOURS

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MEXICO AND SOUTHWEST CARAVAN—Only \$450. 8th year. Teen-agers. July 19th—Sept. 4th. Visit Monterey, Mexico City, Guadalajara, Mazatlan, Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest, etc. Rev. & Mrs. Arthur E. Oudemool, Directors. 109 Pearl Street, Kingston, N. Y. Phone Fe. 1-2038. Brochure.

METHODIST GOOD WILL TOUR—Bible Lands and Europe. Escorted tour by experienced guides. July 23 to September 1. Information from Karl Quimby, Leader, 450 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

getting along Together

We once spent a summer near Lake Arrowhead, directly across the California canyon from the summer home of Madame Galli-Curci. One evening a blind man, also a gifted singer, visited us. We asked him to sing and he chose *Where the Four-leaved Clover Grows*.

He had sung only a few bars when, from across the canyon, came the glorious voice of Madame Galli-Curci, singing the obbligate. That beloved soprano never knew what a wonderful gift she bestowed on our blind friend—and all of us.

—E. A. McPHERSON, *Whittier, Calif.*

One evening as we talked with friends the conversation turned to their birch tree. Telling us the tree's history the man remarked, "But that was before we had the top cut out."

"We never had that tree cut out," his wife interrupted.

"Oh, yes, we did," he replied. And there was a brief family argument—until the lady smiled and said, "Well, one of us is wrong."

That ended it. She was not claiming victory or admitting defeat. She stated the obvious truth—one of them was wrong. That was all it took to restore harmony.

—MRS. JAMES P. MARTIN, *Bismarck, N.Dak.*

The Methodist and Baptist churches in my home town were only a block apart—and their bells had to be rung at the same time for services. The Baptists' bell had a high tone; the Methodist, a low one. When they rang together, the effect was jarring.

Finally, however, the problem was solved. The Baptist bell ringer would start with two clangs of his bell—then wait for an answering two peals from the Methodist. Then they would continue, in rhythm.

—MR. WILLIAM F. LUTH, *Sheboygan Falls, Wis.*

Little tales for this column must be true—stories which somehow lightened a heart. TOGETHER pays \$5 for each one printed. No contributions can be returned; please don't enclose postage.—EDS.



Mrs. Mathias, California's '59 "Mom."

New Mathias Honor

Acclaim has come again to the Dr. C. M. Mathias family of the Tulare, Calif., Methodist Church.

Mrs. Mathias has been chosen California's 1959 "Mother of the Year." In 1948 her son, Robert, won the 1948 Olympic decathlon while still a high-school student. He now is in the TV industry in Hollywood.

Mother of four children, Mrs. Mathias long has been an outstanding participant in community affairs, and for nearly 30 years has been an active worker on her church's Commission on Missions, WSCS, and Methodist Youth Fellowship. Her husband is a surgeon.

To Make DePauw Pilgrimage

Sigma Delta Chi, national journalistic fraternity founded at Methodist-related DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind., is celebrating its 50th anniversary this year. A day's pilgrimage to DePauw by 600 delegates will climax the anniversary meeting, Nov. 11-14, in Indianapolis.

Honorary president and one of 10 founders is Dr. Eugene C. Pulliam, Indiana and Arizona newspaper publisher and son of a Methodist minister.

Bishops Abound at Service

A record 51 bishops, plus other invited church and seminary dignitaries, formed an impressive audience for the dedication of the new Wesley Theological Seminary chapel, Washington, D.C. The sanctuary's small size made a restricted group necessary.

Bishop Herbert Welch, retired, 96, oldest Methodist bishop, preached.

Dedicate 'Old Rugged Cross'

An "old rugged cross" made of timbers more than 130 years old was dedicated recently in Youngstown, Ohio, birthplace of the writer of the familiar hymn, *The Old Rugged Cross*. The Rev. George Bennard, a Meth-

odist, did not live to attend the service honoring him. He died last October at 85. [See *Song for the Ages*, January, 1959, page 52.]

Timbers for the 22-foot cross were taken from historic Veach Methodist Church, near Hubbard, Ohio.

NEWS DIGEST

BAN BIBLE IN SCHOOLS? The American Jewish Congress is seeking an injunction against a Pennsylvania law requiring teachers to read 10 Bible verses at the opening of school each day.

IGNORE GOVERNMENT? Minnesota churches do not take enough interest in state government, Gov. Orville Freeman has told churchmen attending a legislative workshop in St. Paul.

FIND HEROD'S CITY. Underwater exploration of a port built by Herod in 1 B.C. and which sank into the sea is being started by the America-Israel Society of Washington, D.C. It is near Caesarea harbor on Israel's Mediterranean coast.

METHODISTS UNHARMED. Neither Methodist personnel nor property was harmed in riots in La Paz, Bolivia, reports a Methodist missionary.

WESLEY IN JAPANESE. A 10-volume library on the life and writings of John Wesley is being published in Japanese. The Protestant Publishing Co., Ltd., of Tokyo, will distribute the volumes as they come off the press. The last volume is due in 1964.

BRIEFING CONFERENCES. Local Methodist leaders will be trained in social concerns at five briefing conferences scheduled by the Boards of Temperance, World Peace, and Social and Economic Relations. Dates: July 27-30, Fayetteville, Ark.; Sept. 15-17, Lake Junaluska, N.C.; Sept. 22-24, Portland, Oreg.; Sept. 29-Oct. 1,



"I'll believe you're a minister when I hear you miss that putt!"

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Shopping Compact—Quick trick for carrying last-minute purchases. In the 3 1/2" plastic compact is a sturdy 20" nylon net shopping bag intertwined with pearls for a feminine touch. Case is personalized with your initials (please print). Cute for swim togs, books. \$1.3 for \$2.85.

Elron, Inc., 352 W. Ontario, Dept. T, Chicago 10, Ill.



Air Hanger—Perfect answer for hanging drip-dries, sweaters—an inflate-it-yourself hanger. No more searching for "nice" hangers. It's smooth, contoured. Clothes dry without hanger bumps, rust marks. Plastic, folds to hankie size, inflates in 3 seconds. Good for travel. \$1.

Oxford House, Dept. O-86, 32 Oxford St., Lynn, Mass.



For Your King Fisher—The king of fishing knives! It's a combination gaff hook, scaler, hook disgorging, bottle opener, and pocketknife, imported from Germany. Blades are stainless steel, linings are of brass, with sure-grip, red-plastic handle. Great gift for Dad's Day. \$3.

Red House Gift Shop, 419T Webster St., Fairmont, Minn.



For Teen Talk—Look, no hands! The Phone Holder fits comfortably on your shoulder. Mother and Dad will enjoy it themselves—while those callers talk. Write, check orders, beat batter, do your nails, knit—or just relax. Nice for pastor, clubwomen, businessmen. \$1.98.

Sunset House, 65 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.



Vermont Breadbasket—Yearning for your breads and hot cereals to taste like Grandma's? For that well-remembered flavor, full-bodied nourishment, use the "makin's" she used—real stoneground flours. Ground in Vermont's oldest water-powered gristmill. Five 1-lb. pkgs. assorted. \$1.95. Vermont Guild of Oldtime Crafts, Inc., Dept. T, Weston, Vt.

TUB SEAL KIT

Not a putty or cement, but a beautiful strip of porcelain white vinyl plastic. Forms a neat, waterproof seal around bathtub; eliminates ugly cracks and crevices. Easy to apply in one continuous strip, won't chip or crack. Apply to any wall: tile, plaster, etc. Excellent around wash bowl, toilet bowl, shower stall, sink, laundry tub, etc. Kit contains 15 ft. of Tub Seal, generous tube of Cement, easy directions. Approved by Good Housekeeping. \$1.69 (plus 15c delivery)



FLOWER ARRANGER FOR SHORT OR LONG STEMS

Arrange flowers like a professional with this ingenious import from Denmark. Adjusts from 3" to 5" for short or long stems. Has center well for slim candle to enhance arrangement. Of clear, sturdy plastic, 4" diameter, with suction cups to firmly grip flower container. \$1.00



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Father's Day, birthdays, anniversaries ahead! Let SHOPPING TOGETHER be your gift guide. Look in previous issues, too. Many of the advertisers have catalogs they'll be glad to send you free. Just write them. When ordering, send check or money order. Do not send cash. And tell them "SHOPPING TOGETHER sent me." We would appreciate receiving word about your experiences with our advertisers.

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CHICAGO—June 1st. Just introduced is a Free Booklet on a New Discovery which enables the Home Owner, Janitor, or Factory Maintenance to clean any Clogged Sewer Drain. Yet anyone can operate this new Plumbers Flushing Gun which releases air pressure on a solid shaft of water cleaning the most stubborn stoppages up to 200 feet. TOILETS, SINKS, URINALS, BATHTUBS, FLOOR DRAINS, and HOUSE-TO-STREET SEWERS clogged with Grease, Rags, Sand, Roots, and paper melt away instantly when struck by the Hammer-like blow of this new unit. There is no need to remove wall or pipe, or Grease Trap. A special attachment allows water to flow from the faucet through the Gun while air is released on the pipe. Vents or stacks are no obstacle, as force tends to strike wherever the water lays. But now, what is this Plumbers Flushing Gun worth in CLOGGED PLUMBING BILLS SAVED? Tear this Ad out and write your name and address beside it for FREE BOOKLET. Obey that urge. No agent will call. A postcard will do (Chicago Phone: Kildare 5-1700) MILLER SEWER ROD CO., Dept. TG-6 4640 N. Central Ave., Chicago 30, Illinois

Sweeping Statements



By SAM the Sexton

Two things are bad for the heart . . . running up stairs and running down people.

Some folks have to do a lot of talking so people will know what they are saying.

If all of us had more patience, the doctors would have fewer patients.

The reason people do so much driving is that it is now cheaper to drive than to park.

There is always something to be thankful for. If you can't pay your bills, be thankful that you are not one of your creditors.

Every minute you are angry you lose 60 seconds of happiness.

Never argue with your doctor; he has inside information.

There is just as much horse sense as ever—the trouble is there are fewer horses.

The real reason most folks hate to part with the old car is the price of the new ones.

Ain't it funny that so many folks with less sense than you have get along so much better?

Perseverance means the ability to stick to something you ain't stuck on but got stuck with.

The more a politician gets out of an office, the more he likes to stay in it.

Education may cover a lot of ground, but it doesn't always cultivate it.

The bravest sound in the world is a puppy's bark, from under the porch.

Turning over a new leaf beats turning over a new ear.

Never before have so many people had so many unpaid-for things.

Chicago, Ill.; Oct. 27-29, Buck Hill Falls, Pa.

AT LUTHERAN SCHOOLS. There are 2,227 Methodists attending Lutheran colleges and high schools in the U.S. and Canada, reports from the National Lutheran Educational Conference show.

IN KOREA: CHRISTIANITY UP? Though Christians number only six per cent of Korea's population, 38 per cent of 5,000 radio families surveyed gave "Christian" as their religion. Buddhism was second with 13 per cent, and 44 per cent said they had no religious affiliation.

SEPARATE SERVICES. Compulsory chapel attendance at Brown University may become voluntary, with separate services for Protestants, Catholics, and Jews.

NEW SETTLERS. In seven years, 107,686 refugees from 40 countries were helped to resettle by the World Council of Churches' service to refugees. The 1958 total: 10,190.

EXCHANGE FOR TEENS. The Michigan Council of Churches has 116 foreign-exchange teen-agers from eight countries living in private homes under its Youth for Understanding program.

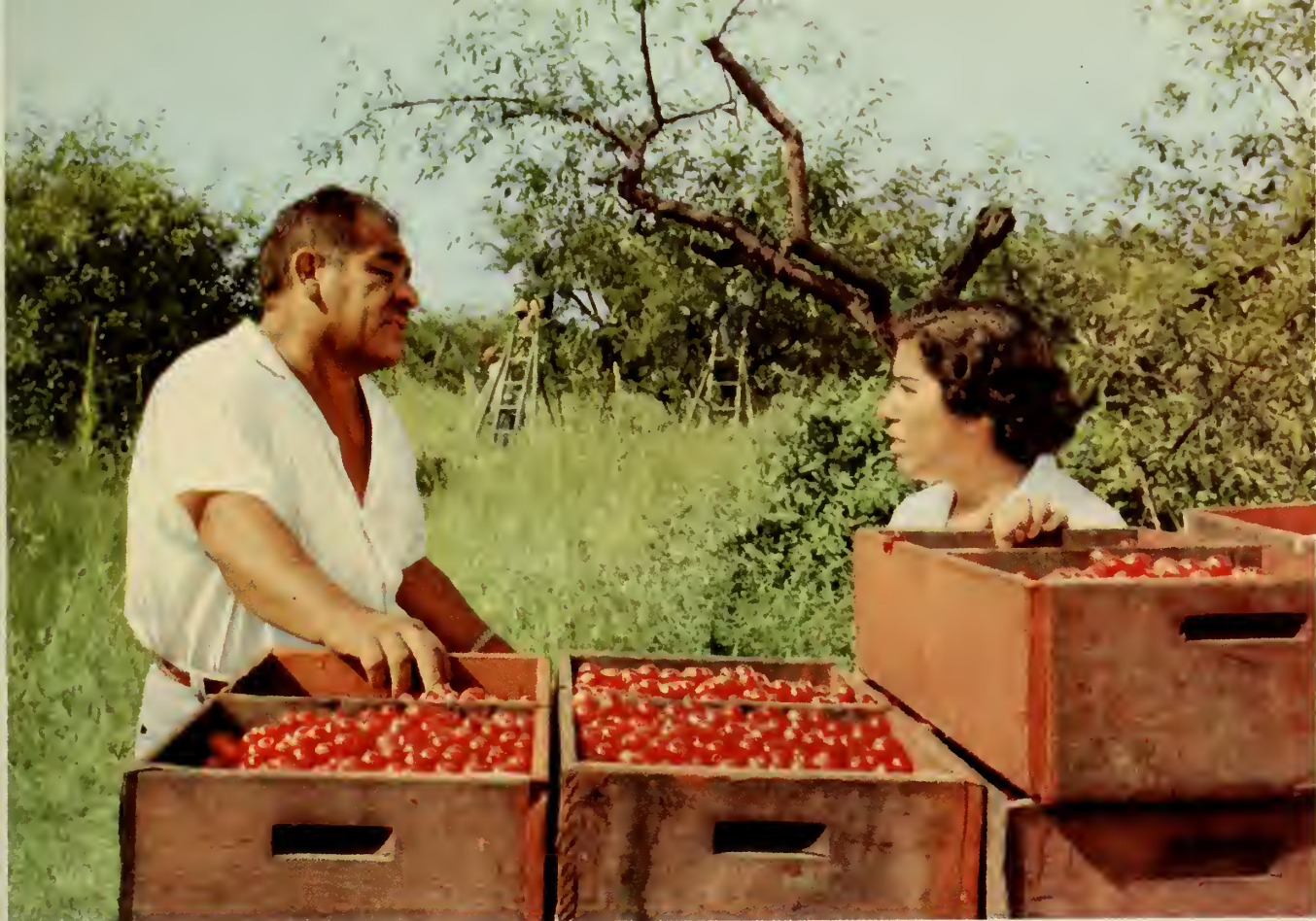
AUSSIES WANT MERGER. Dr. A. Harold Wood, president, Australian Methodist Conference, believes Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists may merge soon. Talks also are going on in New Zealand.

TV FOR MOUNT ARARAT. A radio-TV station will be built this year on Mount Ararat, biblical landing site of Noah's Ark, according to Moscow Radio. The mountain is in Turkey, near Soviet Armenia.

OKINAWA HONOR. Methodist-related Okinawa Christian Institute has become the first Christian school in the Ryukyu Islands to be given junior-college status by the island government.

'CHURCH-SHOPPING.' Members of First Church in Wichita, Kans., have hit on a novel way to pick an architectural style for their new building. They chartered a train and went to Oklahoma City to see if they want a building along the modern lines of St. Luke's there. [See 8 'Modern' Methodist Churches, February, 1958, page 35.]

CENTER FOR AGED. A \$3-million Rehabilitation Center to serve special needs of the aged has been opened at Iowa Methodist Hospital, Des Moines.



When cherries are ripe, crew boss Mariano Martinez (left) brings his migrants to the orchards.

A Wisconsin village welcomes...

Cherry Pickers on the Move

*Tireless, nimble fingers start
this luscious fruit on its way to market.*

UP FROM THE SOUTH each summer, following the sun through the growing seasons, hundreds of migrant laborers and their families pour into Door County in Wisconsin's famed cherry-growing region. For four weeks, usually in July, they are working visitors on the land, toiling from dawn to dusk to harvest the ripe red fruit for the nation's cooks and canners.

Mexicans from Texas, Negroes from the Deep South, Puerto Ricans, men from many sections; their work will not permit them to stay long in one place. But as they go from state to state and from harvest to harvest, they cannot leave their problems behind—problems of health, recreation, housing, low income, education, and religion. To meet these human needs, the National Council of Churches has organized a Department of Migrant Work and a Migrant Ministry which serves in some 30 states.

Typical is Door County's Sturgeon Bay, where the center of work is First Methodist Church, the largest Protestant church in the community. Chairman of the program is the pastor, the Rev. I. Dean Jordan, who estimates that nearly 3,000 men, women, and children will be in the 1959 migrant labor force. In the life of the migrant are many voids. He works hard; every able-bodied member of his



*While Mother's away
the children will play—but
under Ruth Picazo's
watchful care.*



*It's volleyball time every evening—and it takes more than
a hard day's work to keep these boys away!
Adults are attending services and handicraft classes.*

family is usually on the job. Yet his income is low and irregular. Experts feel it would be better for him if he could settle down, but he is indispensable to the agricultural economy of the nation—and may always be.

To help fill these vacuums, the Door County Christian Society for Migrant Work has a staff which includes ministers of many faiths, a nurse, sewing instructors, recreation directors, and other volunteers. In addition, the National Council of Churches provides a migrant minister. Last year at Sturgeon Bay it was the Rev. Frank Reyes of Corcoran, Calif., whose arrival with Mrs. Reyes in a travel-worn station wagon was unfailingly the signal for a joyous outburst by the migrant camps' small fry—and a smile of welcome from the adults.



*Kids on the move can't attend
school regularly, so Mrs. Frank Reyes,
wife of the migrant minister, goes from orchard to
orchard teaching basic subjects.*

*Under the guidance of
Mrs. George Gabert, Door County
churchwoman, a Mexican visitor learns
to sew. Others are taught cooking
and similar home skills.*







WHEN OUR FLAG BORE 13 STARS...

George Washington wasn't even president. The year was 1784. It was the 24th of December. Dr. Thomas Coke briskly rubbed his hands to ward off the cold. And then the first organizing conference of The Methodist Church began.

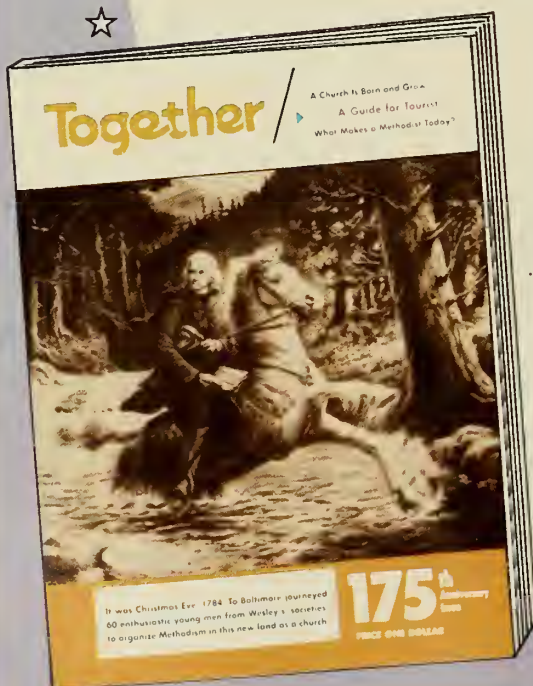
Coming Soon... your own **175TH** ANNIVERSARY EDITION

In honor of the 175th Anniversary of the organizing of The Methodist Church in America, **TOGETHER** will dedicate its November (Oct. 15 publication date) issue to the thrilling, exciting story of these early Methodist pioneers—128 pages including 32 in 4-color lithography. For the first time anywhere you'll see an unusual collection of:

STRIKING WATERCOLORS depicting our glorious past—"Methodists Meet Washington," "Captain Thomas Webb," "Ordination At Lovely Lane"—and more! *FAMOUS AUTHORS*—"A New Church Is Born," by Hartzell Spence, special articles by Ralph W. Sockman, Bishop Gerald Kennedy, Elmer T. Clark, James Truslow Adams, Roy L. Smith—excerpts from Asbury's journal—and more! *BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES* of frontier Methodists, circuit riding pioneers—Coke, Asbury, Dickins, Webb, McKendree—and more! *UNUSUAL FEATURES* such as an Anniversary Hymn, "First Parsonage Home," Unusual Methodists Down Through the Years—and more!

PLUS . . . METHODIST AMERICANA—an 8-page spread of maps (in color) locating shrines, schools, institutions, places of importance in history of the church.

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